





GOLD THROUGH THE AGES





Fr.

The Lament for Icarus

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Stories from
**THE
ÆNEID**

BY

H. L. HAVELL

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George G. Harrap & Co.
LONDON

STORIES FROM THE ÆNEID

RETOLD FROM VIRGIL

BY

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*"I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
Ever moulded by the lips of man."*

TENNYSON.

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PREFACE

IN writing these "Stories from the *Æneid*" I have followed the plan pursued in my two earlier volumes in this field. I wished to enable those who spend some years of their early lives in the painful study of Greek and Latin to obtain a larger view of ancient literature than is generally derived from the ordinary school texts. Prose translations are commonly unattractive, and encumbered by a thousand difficulties of allusion which embarrass the reader and obscure his vision of the whole, while the verse translator is often led astray by the seductions or the exigencies of metre. It remained to try another method—that of recasting the original, removing as far as possible all those difficulties which give employment to the commentator, and presenting what is permanent and essential in a form likely to prove attractive, or at least not repellent, to a modern reader.

That portion of the story which precedes the action of the poem is introduced by Virgil as an episode related by the hero at a banquet. I have thought it best to abandon the immemorial

tradition of epic poetry in this point, and have given the events in their historical order, which seemed more appropriate to a prose narrative.

I will now leave my humble pedestrian Virgil, shorn of his glories, but divested also of his terrors, to the tender mercies of English schoolboys, and to the indulgence of children of a larger growth, hoping that he will prove a friend in the class-room, and perhaps win his way thence to a warmer welcome by English firesides.

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INTRODUCTION

I. THE LIFE OF VIRGIL

* * * The materials for the life of Virgil have been drawn largely from the exhaustive article in Pauly's *Encyclopädia der classischen Altertumswissenschaft*. But I may remark that I dissent entirely from the learned writer in his estimate of Virgil's genius and poetic rank.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was born at Andes, a village near Mantua, in Northern Italy, 15th October 70 B.C. In that rural solitude, undisturbed as yet by the horrors of civil war, he learned to love the face of nature and gained that profound intimacy with natural beauty which appears on every page of his works. He received an excellent education, chiefly at Rome and Naples, and studied Greek poetry and philosophy with untiring zeal and application. After the murder of Cæsar in 44 B.C. he returned to his native place. He had already made some preliminary excursions in poetry; but his first serious effort was the "Bucolics," a series of ten pastoral poems, written in imitation of the Greek

idylls of Theocritus. After the battle of Philippi, Virgil, with thousands of others, was deprived of his farm to satisfy the demands of Octavian's¹ veterans; but, more fortunate than the rest, he obtained letters of introduction to Mæcnas, Octavian's all-powerful favourite, and with his help succeeded in recovering his property. The poem which now stands first in the series of "Bucolics" was written as a thank-offering on this occasion. Virgil, here called Tityrus, is sitting under a beech-tree piping to his flocks, when he is accosted by another shepherd, named Melibœus, who has been driven from his ancestral farm, and is now seeking a new home in a distant land. In answer to the inquiries of Melibœus, Tityrus (or Virgil) tells the story of his mission to Rome, and sings the praises of his imperial benefactor, henceforth his god, to be approached with prayer and sacrifice.

In the later troubles of the civil war Virgil was a second time driven from his home, and hardly escaped with his life. Again he went to Rome to plead his cause, and again he was successful in his suit. After this he lived chiefly at Rome, and, being now high in the favour of Mæcnas, he exerted his influence to advance the fortunes of his younger rival Horace. Mæcnas was now the centre of a brilliant circle of literary men, and their delightful intimacy is pleasantly described

¹ Octavianus, later Augustus.

in the well-known "Satire" of Horace giving an account of the famous journey to Brundisium.

It was at the suggestion of Mæcenas that Virgil began the composition of his "Georgics" a poem on agriculture in four books, which was finished at Naples in 30 B.C. Before completing the "Georgics" he had already made a beginning with the great work of his life, the "Æneid." Augustus had hinted to the courtly poet that an epic on his own exploits would be an acceptable offering from the hand of him who owed his material welfare to the countenance of the Emperor. By this request, which was equivalent to a command, Virgil found himself placed in a difficult position. To have complied directly would have degraded his dignity as a man and as a poet; to have refused would have been ungracious, and even dangerous. With consummate tact Virgil chose the middle course: instead of confining himself to the personal achievements of Augustus he selected as his theme the imperial destiny of Rome, and took for his hero the Trojan Æneas, the reputed ancestor of Augustus, thus identifying the fortunes of the Eternal City with the deeds and greatness of the Julian line. The result was the "Æneid," an epic in twelve books, modelled on the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad."

The "Æneid" has come down to us in an unfinished state. It was Virgil's intention to devote three years to polishing his poem, and then to devote what remained of his life to philosophy.

With this purpose he set out for Greece, desiring to quicken his genius and seek new inspiration at the fountain-head of eloquence and wisdom. But, meeting Augustus at Athens, he was induced to return to Italy. On the return journey he contracted a fever, and when he reached Brundisium the hand of death was already upon him. Perceiving his end near he took the unfinished manuscript of the "*Æneid*," intending to burn it, but, fortunately, his friends succeeded in saving the poem. Then he directed that it should be published without alteration or omission, and soon after passed quietly away, in the fifty-second year of his age. He was buried by his own request at Naples. In the outskirts of that lovely city still stands a monument, believed by the pious pilgrim to be the very tomb of Virgil.

Some interesting details are recorded as to Virgil's personal appearance, habits, and character. He was of swarthy complexion, tall in figure, with a certain air of bashfulness and rusticity. The following lines from the "*Satires*" of Horace are commonly believed to be intended as a portrait of Virgil :—¹

" A man is passionate, perhaps misplaced
In social circles of fastidious taste ;
His ill-trimmed beard, his dress of antique style,
His shoes ill-fitting, may provoke a smile.
But he's the soul of virtue ; but he's kind ;
But that coarse body hides a mighty mind."

¹ Translated by Conington.

By the generous patronage of Mæcenas and other powerful friends Virgil was placed early in life beyond the reach of all material anxieties. He became a wealthy man, built a house on the Esquiline at Rome, and was the owner of more than one country seat. But in the midst of his prosperity he remained simple, gentle, and innocent as a child. He was so generous, we are told, that he seemed to have nothing of his own. He was singularly free from that petty jealousy which is the curse of literary coteries. A beautiful trait is preserved by Donatus, his biographer, which illustrates the intrinsic nobility of his nature: *He delighted in the happy thoughts of others, as if they were his own.* This is the true spirit of the scholar, who loves literature for its own sake, without taint of envy or self-seeking. "It is natural to us," says a writer of kindred genius, "to feel our souls lifted up by the true Sublime, and conceiving a sort of generous exultation to be filled with joy and pride, *as though we had ourselves originated the ideas which we read.*" The coincidence between the words of Longinus and this fine feature in Virgil's character is interesting and remarkable.

Like our own Addison, with whom he has several points of resemblance, Virgil did not shine in society. The exquisite sensibility of his mind, which appears in every page of his writings, rendered him incapable of any form of self-asser-

tion. A rude or discourteous word hurt him like a blow, and on such occasions his friends had sometimes to come to his aid, while he sat silent, hurt and embarrassed, blushing like a girl. Unlike Horace, who exulted in the outward signs of notoriety, the curious gaze, the whispered comment, the pointing finger of the passers-by, Virgil disdained such coarse tribute to his greatness, and fled into by-streets to avoid the public eye. He was a bad speaker, but a delightful reader of his own poetry. On one famous occasion a great lady was so much affected by his reading that she fainted.

In his method of composition Virgil was slow and laborious. His habit was to write down thirty or forty lines at a heat, and then reduce them until their whole substance was condensed into nine or ten.

His modest, unassuming, noble nature diffused an atmosphere of peace around him, so that the bitterest enemies laid their quarrels aside when they met in his presence. One other point may be mentioned before we quit this part of our subject. In spite of some conflicting evidence we gladly accept the tradition which speaks of the stainless purity of his life, which earned him the name of "The Maiden" among the dissolute crowds of Naples.

II. THE WORKS OF VIRGIL

The Romans owed the whole of their culture to Greece. From first to last Latin literature, in form, and largely also in content, is borrowed almost entirely from the Greek. Some faint traces may be seen here and there of an old ballad literature which mirrored the life of the aboriginal shepherds of Latium, and this native Italian flavour is especially discernible in the poetry of Catullus. It is important to observe that the great Roman writers impressed their own national character on the materials which they borrowed, but the medium, almost without exception, is Greek. Just as the Roman generals rifled the temples of Corinth and Syracuse of their choicest treasures, so the poets, philosophers, and orators of Greece were stripped of their laurels to grace the brows of their conquerors.

Nowhere is this wholesale appropriation better illustrated than in the poetry of Virgil. In his "Bucolics" his model is Theocritus; in the "Georgics" he walked in the footsteps of Hesiod; in the "Æneid," inverting the order of Homer, he gives us a Roman "Odyssey," followed by a Roman "Iliad."¹ These three were his chief masters; but, not content with these, he laid the whole of Greek literature under contribution, and borrowed without scruple from the earlier Latin

¹ Conington:

writers—from Pacuvius and the other tragedians ; from Ennius, and especially from Lucretius.

But it would be most unjust to convey an impression that Virgil was a mere passive echo of other men's thoughts. He gives more than he takes ; under his plastic touch the borrowed material receives new beauty and significance, and the rude ore of the older Latin poets becomes refined gold.

In the " *Bucolics* " the traditional characters and scenery of pastoral poetry are a mere vehicle for the expression of the poet's own thoughts and experiences. The shepherds of Theocritus are real shepherds ; their occupations, their costume, their loves, their joys and sorrows, are described with intimate knowledge and complete unreserve. But Virgil's shepherds, like those in " *Lycidas*," are for the most part conventional personages ; and in these juvenile poems we hear the cry of an artificial age, when the town has swallowed up the country, and men seek relief from the restraints of civilisation in the pleasing fiction of rural simplicity and innocence.

In the " *Georgics* " Virgil approached the same theme, with a far greater mastery of his instrument and a serious didactic purpose. This great poem presents to us an ideal vision of the farmer's life glorified and transfigured. The subject is treated systematically—the first book dealing with agriculture ; the second with the cultivation of the

olive and the vine ; the third with cattle-raising ; and the fourth with bee-keeping. With true insight Virgil points to the sole remedy for the corruptions of society—a return to a simpler and more primitive mode of existence, like that of the hardy ancestors of the conquering Roman race. Long before his time the manly breed of Italian yeoman had died out ; agriculture was abandoned, and the Romans were dependent for their daily bread on the harvests of Sicily and Egypt. The land of Italy had fallen into the hands of a few wealthy capitalists, whose vast estates, devoted chiefly to cattle and sheep, were worked by gangs of slaves. Meanwhile the character of the Romans had sunk deeper and deeper in degradation. The ruling class was selfish, indolent, and profligate ; and below them stood the rabble of Rome, the worthless descendants of the conquering people, whose whole ambition was now reduced to two simple wants : to be amused and to be fed.

In the midst of this moral wilderness, the voice of the inspired singer was heard invoking the memories of a grander past, proclaiming the essential dignity of labour, and calling on his countrymen to quit the din and squalor of cities for the sweet and wholesome life of the countryside. The call, of course, was unheeded ; the evil was past cure ; but the lesson which Virgil enforces is not the less sound, and after the lapse

of twenty centuries his voice is still the voice of wisdom and truth.

The "Æneid" belongs to that class of poetry which has been well described as the literary epic. The heroic legends of Greece, on which the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are founded, were a national growth, owing little or nothing to foreign sources. But the Romans, as we have seen, had forgotten their past; the homely deities of ancient Latium were long since dethroned to make room for the usurping dynasty of Olympus. Like some wealthy *parvenu*, who buys a pedigree at the Heralds' Office and decorates his walls with second-hand ancestors, the conquerors of the world, ashamed of their lowly ancestry, strove, as Livy says, to "consecrate their origin" by a falsified history and a stolen mythology. "The world, which endures our yoke," adds Livy with sublime arrogance, "may well endure to hear that we are the sons of gods."

Virgil, then, when he chose for his theme the imperial destiny of Rome, was compelled to conform with the prevailing fashion. The whole machinery of his epic is borrowed from the Greeks, and throughout his work, even in its minutest details, he had his eye on some Greek model. But this criticism applies only to the external form of the poem; in spirit it is Roman to the core, and the "Æneid" is the great literary monument of a nation of warriors, lawgivers, and statesmen,

whose mission was to advance the frontiers of European civilisation and to pave the way for the larger and freer political life of modern times.

The defects of the chief Roman epic are obvious to the most superficial reader. The characters, with the exception perhaps of Dido, are mere shadows; the action as a whole is weak and languid; Homer in the "Iliad" rises from strength to strength, and the later books are the most powerful and moving of all; but Virgil exhausts himself in his first six books, which are beyond comparison the finest part of the poem.

The "Æneid," then, must be enjoyed in detail, and this makes the task of the translator or adapter peculiarly difficult. We can scarcely hope to convey in a prose version of the story any part of the magic of that inimitable style, itself only the outward form and feature of a potent personality, whose words come back to us like a strain of remembered music when we pause for a moment from the daily round of cares and preoccupations to meditate on the tragedy and mystery of human life.

STORIES FROM THE ÆNEID

The Fall of Troy

"Sad Ilium repell'd the Grecian force :
But full of joy, receiv'd the fatal horse."²⁰

OVID;

"Perjured Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Walled by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground."²¹

HORACE:

I

IT is the hour of early dawn, and the drowsy sentinels are nodding at their posts on Priam's royal citadel. A great stillness lies on all the city of Troy, and many a weary soul is enjoying a brief respite from the toil and agony of the ten years' siege. Then suddenly a voice is heard, breaking the deathlike silence : "Awake, Trojans, awake ! The Greeks have fled ; their camp is deserted ; Troy is saved !" Again and again the mysterious voice is heard, starting the echoes in the empty streets ; and soon a low murmur arises in a thousand dwellings, like the first faint hum of an awakening hive. There is a crash of opening

doors, and, just as the first rays of the sun are reddening the battlements of Pergamus, a vast multitude is seen pouring through the streets, pressing with tumult and uproar towards the Scæan Gate. Through the open portals it rushes, past the tomb of Ilus, across the plain, and down to the sea.

Yes, the voice has spoken truly : the Greeks have gone, and there lies their camp, dismantled and deserted. The crowd disperses, and spreads along the whole shore, and here and there a little group is seen gathered round some scarred warrior as he points out each memorable spot. "See, here stood the tent of Achilles ; here lay Ulysses, with the men of Ithaca ; here Hector broke the rampart, and carried fire and slaughter into the very heart of the camp." But before long all are hurrying in one direction, attracted by a strange cry which runs from lip to lip : "The Wooden Horse !" Let us follow the footsteps of that tall warrior, who is leading a little child by the hand, and we shall learn the meaning of that repeated cry.

In an open space, not far from the shore, towers a huge wooden fabric, shaped like a horse, with stout pillars of oak for legs. A great crowd, whose numbers are swelling every moment, is gathered round the monster, and a clamour of voices is heard, questioning, explaining, and disputing. "It is a gift of the gods," cries one ; "we must guard it and keep it in the citadel of Troy." Perhaps

he was a traitor, perhaps only an unconscious instrument of Heaven's will. Soon the multitude is divided into two parties : one is for harbouring the gift of the Greeks in the city ; the other insists that it should be hacked to pieces, and burnt with fire.

While they are debating thus, a man of tall stature and majestic mien breaks through the throng, and takes his stand before the horse. It is Laocoön, one of the chief men of Troy. " Mad-men ! " he cries in loud and excited tones, " do ye indeed believe that the enemy has gone ? Do ye think that they have left this thing out of loving-kindness to us ? Look at that mountain of timber : would ye know what it is ?—a place of ambush or an engine of destruction ; or whatever be its purpose, be assured that it bodes no good to us. A boon to Troy !—and from the Greeks ! Have ye never heard their own proverb, *The gift of a foe shall work thee woe ?* " With that word he poised a weighty spear, and hurled it with all his force against the timber ribs of the beast. Deep into its side pierced the iron point, and the shaft of ash stood quivering ; and from the hollow vault within came a sound like a groan.

Some praised the deed of Laocoön and some stood aghast at his impiety ; but presently a bustle was heard on the outskirts of the crowd, and a new arrival changed the current of their thoughts. To the place where Priam, the aged

King of Troy, stood anxiously consulting with his elders, a little troop of shepherds came hurrying, dragging with them a prisoner, whose arms were rudely pinioned with a cord. His features and dress proclaimed him to be a Greek ; and while a hundred hands were raised to strike him down, and a hundred voices mocked his struggles, he rolled his eyes wildly round that circle of scornful faces, and uttered this despairing cry : “ Lost, lost—all lost ! No place for me left on land or sea ! In Greece I am an outlaw, and the Trojans have but one thought—that I am a Greek.”

Struck by his words and gestures Priam restrains the violence of the people, and gives orders to unbind the captive’s arms. “ Now speak,” he commands, “ if thou hast aught to tell which may profit us and thee.” Thus encouraged, the prisoner explains that his name is Sinon, and that he is flying from the vengeance of Ulysses, who sought his death because he had denounced the murder of Palamedes, his friend and benefactor, in which the crafty Ithacan had borne the chief part. When the Greeks, who had abandoned the siege of Troy, and resolved to return to Greece, were detained by contrary winds, Calchas, the chief prophet of the army, proclaimed the necessity of appeasing the hostile powers of the air by the sacrifice of a human victim. Ulysses saw his opportunity, and secretly instigated Calchas to name Sinon as the man destined to suffer for the sins of the people.

This was welcome news to the Greeks ; for everyone had been quaking with fear lest he himself should be singled out for the altar and the knife. Sinon was seized, and kept in close custody ; but on the eve of the fatal day he contrived to break his bonds, and lay hiding in a swamp, until he fell into the hands of the Trojan shepherds.

Such is the well-imagined tale, broken with sobs and sighs, which the arch-dissembler pours into the ears of his captors. He finds ready credence ; Priam himself takes him by the hand, with assurance of pity and protection. " Forget that thou art a Greek," he says ; " henceforth thou shalt be one of us. And now tell me truly, to what end was this wooden monster built ? Is it an offering to the gods or is it an engine of war ? " Then Sinon, whose confidence is fully restored, lifts up his hands to Heaven, and cries : " By yonder everlasting fires, by the sacred altar flame, and by the dear life which ye have given back to me, I swear that I will renounce my fealty to the Greeks and tell thee all the truth. This horse is an offering of atonement to the offended majesty of Minerva, whose sore anger was kindled against the Greeks since the day when Ulysses and Diomedes broke into the citadel of Troy and defiled her temple with blood. From that hour all their hopes were broken, and every attack on your city was foiled. At last Calchas bade them return to Greece, and win back the favour of Pallas by

solemn sacrifice and prayer in her native seat. They are now in full sail for Mycenæ, and when all rites are paid they will come back and renew the war. The wooden horse is a peace-offering to Pallas, to replace the image which Diomedes and Ulysses profaned; and it was made of gigantic size to prevent it from being carried into your city, for if once it finds shelter in the walls of Troy, Minerva will be pledged to your defence, and all the hosts of Greece will dash themselves against your walls in vain."

Sinon has played his part well; his tragic story, told with well-feigned passion, has opened the hearts of the Trojans towards him and prepared their minds to receive all his glozing lies as Heaven's own truth. If any shadow of doubt remained it was removed by the terrible fate which overtook Laocoön on the same day. Being chosen by lot as priest of Neptune, he was sacrificing a bull at the altar on the beach; and his two sons were with him, to aid him in his office. Just as his hand was raised to strike the victim a strange sound fell upon his ears, as of some great vessel rushing rapidly over the calm waters, and, glancing seaward, he saw two monster serpents speeding towards the shore, with towering crests, like the prow of some huge galley. In a moment they had reached the land, and, rolling their enormous coils along the rattling pebbles, made straight for the spot where Laocoön's two sons stood, transfixed



Laocoön

From a photograph by D. Anderson

with terror. Knife in hand, he rushed to defend them ; but already the serpents had flung their folds round the tender limbs of the lads, and now father and sons are wrapped in the same hideous embrace. In vain the mighty man wrestles and heaves at those knotted coils which close tighter and tighter round him ; his shrieks of agony sink into stifled moans ; there is a horrible cracking sound ; then all is still, and three shattered corpses lie crushed together on the field.

At this plain evidence of Heaven's will conviction is borne home to every heart. " He has suffered for his sin," cry the people with one voice, " because he lifted his hand against the sacred image of the gods. Quick ! let us lodge the horse in our citadel, and pray that his sin be not visited on us and on our children." Then not a hand remains idle in all the town ; some bring ropes and rollers and wheels ; some make a breach in the walls, for the gates are too narrow to give passage to that enormous bulk. A thousand sturdy warriors are harnessed to the unwieldy machine, and the strange procession begins, while little children strew the way with flowers, and go before with dance and song.

It is done ; the fatal steed, with its burden of armed warriors, is stabled in the centre of the city ; and all the hosts of Troy give themselves up to a joyful revel, with hymns of praise and thankfulness to Heaven. Then, heavy with wine and weary

with their labours, they sink into a dreamless sleep, and night descends upon the devoted town.

Meanwhile the Grecian fleet has been lying at anchor off Tenedos, just out of sight of the walls of Troy. The hour has come, every man is at his post, and at a given signal the whole armada is sweeping through the darkness towards the coast of Asia. In Troy Sinon is on the alert, and at the first distant sound of trampling feet he steals swiftly to the place where the wooden horse is stationed, and releases his comrades from their dark prison. They are nine in number, and among them are Menelaus, the brother of Agamemnon, Neoptolemus, son of Achilles, and the crafty Ulysses. Without a word they rush through the dark and deserted streets; the warders are cut down, the gates are flung open, and before any alarm can be given the whole host of Greece is pouring through the gates and over the unguarded breach.

II

In a secluded part of the city, sheltered from the public thoroughfare by a dense growth of trees, stands the house of Anchises, an aged prince of Troy, honoured in his youth by the love of Venus. The fruit of that union was *Æneas*, who since Hector's death has been the chief champion of Troy against the Greeks; and here he lives



Venus and Anchises

Reproduced by permission from the Original in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool

with his father Anchises, now old and blind, his wife Creüsa, and his little son Iulus. Æneas had retired at an early hour, worn out by the toils and revels of that eventful day ; but in the first sweet sleep of night his repose was disturbed by a strange vision : before him stood the form of Hector, not as he appeared in his hour of pride, when he came back clothed in the armour of Achilles, but such as he was after he had been slain and dragged behind the car of his slayer, his hair and beard clotted with gore and defiled with dust, and his feet pierced for the thongs. Æneas was moved to tears by the sight of those loved features, now so foully marred, and strove to speak ; but the spectre motioned him to be silent, and thus addressed him in a hollow and mournful voice : “ Fly, goddess-born ! The foe is within the walls, and Troy is already in flames ; if mortal hand could have saved her, that task would have been mine. For thee a happier destiny is in store, and thou shalt found a new Troy in lands beyond the sea.” Then he brought the sacred image of Vesta from the shrine, placed it in the hands of Æneas, and vanished from his sight.

Hardly had the ghostly voice died away when other and far more dreadful sounds roused Æneas from his fevered sleep, and, springing from his couch, he clothed himself hastily, and ascended to the flat roof of the palace. As he emerged into the open air a roar like a hundred winter torrents

smote upon his ear ; from every part of the city came cries of despair and yells of triumph, and flames were beginning to break out in more than one quarter. Realising at once that Troy had been betrayed Æneas descended the narrow stairway, flung himself into his armour, and, seizing spear and shield, rushed out to take his part in the defence. Soon he was joined by a little band of Trojans as desperate as himself, and together they plunged into the thickest of the fight, with but one thought and one hope—to slay and be slain.

What words can describe the carnage of that night or paint the scene of Troy's last agony ? An ancient city is falling after a thousand years of empire ; her streets are strewn with dead and dying, her temple gates are splashed with blood ; nor is it only the Trojans who pay the dreadful debt of war—victor and vanquished are stretched side by side, sleeping their iron sleep together, and above them the demon of battle still rages on.

At first fortune seems to favour the arms of Æneas and his friends. As they are turning the corner of a street they are met by a party of Greeks, whose leader, Androgeos, mistaking them for comrades, hails them with friendly mockery. "You are late guests at this fair banquet," he says, thinking that they have just arrived from the fleet ; "make haste, or ye will find an empty table, and go hence fasting." His jests are cut

short by a stern rejoinder ; hemmed in on all sides by the Trojans, he and his companions are slain to a man. Among the troop led by Æneas was a young prince named Corœbus, who had lately come to take part in the defence of Troy, drawn thither by his deep love for the beautiful Cassandra ; and the mistake of Androgeos suggests to him a stratagem. " Let us change armour with these Greeks," he says ; " the disguise will give us a great advantage over our foes." His advice is approved : the Trojans throw off helmet and shield and assume those of the fallen Greeks, and, fighting thus under false colours, for a time they make great havoc in the ranks of the enemy.

Presently the tide of battle carries them before Minerva's temple, and they hear the wild scream of a woman in distress. Forcing their way to the gate they catch sight of Cassandra, who had taken refuge at the altar of the goddess, and is now being dragged away by ruffian hands from the sanctuary. Maddened by that sight Corœbus hurled himself on her captors, and Æneas and his men followed close to support him. But now they have to pay dear for the lives which they have taken under cover of their disguise, for the Trojan defenders of the temple, mistaking them for Greeks, pour in a shower of missiles, and slaughter many of their own countrymen. By desperate valour Corœbus succeeds for a moment in rescuing the damsel ; but fresh numbers come

pouring in to the aid of the Greeks, Corœbus is cut down, and after a furious struggle Æneas finds himself severed from his party and standing almost alone. For a moment he remains irresolute ; then a loud shout reaches his ears : " To the citadel ! The town is lost ! Let us save the King ! " and, gathering a few stragglers, he makes his way up the hill to join in the defence of the royal palace.

Arrived there he found a tremendous battle raging, as if the god of war had concentrated all his fury on this one point. Ladders were planted against the walls, and up these the Greeks were swarming, holding their shields above their heads to protect them from the missiles which the Trojans showered from the battlements. Familiar with all the approaches of the building, Æneas directed his steps to a postern door leading to the private apartments of Hector. How often in days gone by had he seen Andromache, Hector's noble wife, passing this way with her little son Astyanax, to visit her husband's parents ! But in this dreadful hour he has little leisure for dwelling on the memories of the happy past. Up the steep stairway he bounds, and takes his stand among the defenders. Under his direction they apply levers and axes to a lofty wooden tower, built at a corner of the roof, formerly used as a lookout, from which an extensive view was obtained over the whole city and far away to the

Grecian camp and the wide waters of the Hellespont. Yielding by degrees to their well-directed efforts at last the great turret topples over, and, falling with a resounding crash, buries a whole column of Greeks under its ruins. But the besiegers far outnumber the defending force; hundreds swarm upward to fill the gap made by that vast projectile, and a rain of javelins and arrows rattles down upon the battlements, answered by a shower of stones, javelins, and broken timbers from above.

III

Meanwhile another storming party, led by Pyrrhus,¹ was making a determined attack on the main gateway of the palace. The solid oak of the doors thundered beneath the strokes of the axe; then the battering-ram, borne by twenty stalwart Greeks, is brought to bear; down go the splintered timbers, and over the wreckage Pyrrhus rushes with all the impetuous valour of his mighty sire.

In this vast dwelling, the ancient seat of the monarchs of Asia, at once a fortress and a palace, which stood, like a city within a city, in the very heart of Troy, all the numerous family of Priam were assembled with their wives and children. There was Hecuba, the venerable Queen of Troy, with her daughters and their husbands; there

¹ Another name of Neoptolemus;

dwelt the fifty sons of Priam and their families. And now the home of princes, never yet profaned by vulgar feet, was given up to all the licence of war. Women, distracted with terror, rushed wildly from room to room, or clung sobbing to the pillars, as if imploring the very stones to defend them ; and when the great doors fell in, and they knew that their last bulwark was down, a wild shriek rang through the palace, overpowering for a moment the exulting shout of the victors.

And where was Priam, and what was he doing in this dreadful hour ? When he saw that all was lost, and heard the footsteps of his foes ringing on the marble floor of his palace, he took down his armour from the wall, where it had been hanging disused for a whole generation, caught up a sword in his trembling hand, and went with tottering footsteps to meet his death. Wandering thus at random, and seeking someone who might slay him, he came to the open court in the centre of the palace where stood the great altar of Jupiter, overshadowed by an ancient laurel-tree. Here Hecuba and her daughters had sought their last refuge, and were sitting at the altar, holding the images of the gods in their embrace. But when the Queen saw her husband arrayed in the arms of his youth she rose from her seat, and came towards him, crying : “ Unhappy King, what mad design is this ? Thinkest thou that thy feeble hand can defend us ? Our only hope

is in Heaven's mercy ; no mortal arm—no, not Hector himself—could save us now. Come to the altar—there perhaps we may find safety ; or, if not, we will die together.” Then she led the King to the altar steps, and sat down with him to await the end.

Sitting in this attitude of supplication before long they hear the sound of flying feet, echoing down the long gallery which leads to the central court where that helpless group is gathered. Presently a young warrior appears, panting, and bleeding from a wound, and close at his heels follows a gigantic Greek, clothed from head to foot in gorgeous armour. Priam instantly recognises the features of his youngest son, Polites, and his pursuer is Pyrrhus. Just as he reaches the altar Polites falls, pierced to the heart, and lies at his father's feet in a pool of blood. When Priam saw his darling son, the child of his old age, thus butchered before his eyes, he lifted up his hands to Heaven, and denounced that cruel deed, “ Now if there be aught of justice left in Heaven,” he cried, “ may the gods reward thee according to thy merit, thou impious, bloodthirsty man ! Thou the son of Achilles ? Thou liest, thou art no son of his. Far different were his dealings with his enemy Priam : he revered my grey hairs when I came as a suppliant to his tent ; he gave back my Hector's body for burial, and sent me back in safety to my kingdom.” Then lifting a

javelin which lay by his side he flung it with wavering aim. The weapon struck with a feeble sound against the shield of Pyrrhus, and hung dangling idly, caught between the metal plates. Pyrrhus received the impotent reproaches, and yet more impotent weapon, of the King with a cruel smile. "Go," he says, "and carry thy message to my sire Achilles: forget not to tell him of the barbarous deeds wrought by his unworthy son Neoptolemus. Now die." And with that word he twisted his left hand in the white locks of the King, dragged the aged victim, whose feet were slipping in the blood of his son, to the altar; the sword flashed for a moment in the sunlight, then descending plunged deep into Priam's heart, and the blood of father and son were mingled in one red pool.

Thus fell the proud sovereign of the East, while the flames of his burning city gleamed upon his dying eyes, and the last sound which fell upon his ear was the crash of ruined towers. But a little while ago whole nations owned his sway; now he lies a headless and dishonoured corpse, of no more account than any rude soldier struck down with a thousand others, whose funeral rites are left to beasts of prey and carrion birds.

IV

Night is descending on the burning town, and Æneas, who has played a hero's part in all these

scenes of horror, finds himself standing in a deserted spot, unwounded, and alone. So sudden has been the revulsion from that brief hour of peace and happiness, when it seemed that their ten years' struggle was at last crowned with triumph, that he feels like a man who has awakened from a hideous dream, and pauses, in this moment of respite, to collect his thoughts. His mind goes back to his father's house, where he left Anchises, and Creüsa and her child, when he rushed forth, bent on death, in the early morning. The debt to king and country has been paid ; he will strive no longer against irresistible fate, but will go and see how his own dear ones have fared, and save them, if it is not too late. With this resolve he turns his stepshomeward, avoiding the frequented streets, now thronged by the victorious soldiers of Agamemnon.

As he proceeds thus cautiously he catches sight of a female figure lurking in the shadow under the portico of Vesta's temple. With sudden rage he recognises the form and features of Helen, lighted up for a moment by the fitful blaze of a neighbouring fire. He halts, arrested by an angry thought : his very soul growls within him as he looks upon that fair, false woman—a demon of ruin to Greeks and Trojans alike—who sits cowering in terror in the midst of these scenes of havoc and bloodshed of which she is the cause. Europe and Asia have been dashed together with all their chivalry in murderous war ; earth groans

beneath the burden of the dead ; an imperial city is tottering to its fall, and will soon be a heap of dust ; and shall this wretch, for whose sake all these deeds were wrought, be suffered to live ? Shall she be received back to her husband's bosom, and enter her home in Sparta, riding in triumph by his side, with a weeping train of Trojan ladies following behind ? But then, what an ignoble deed ! Shall a great warrior stain his sword with the blood of a helpless woman ? Woman ? No ! a viper, a foul, venomous thing, marked out as an object of vengeance to the whole human race.

Swept away by the tempest of his anger *Æneas* was rushing upon *Helen*, sword in hand, to slay her, when a sudden radiance fell upon his eyes, and before him stood his goddess-mother, not, as was her wont, disguised in some earthly form, but in all her divine stature and beauty. With a gesture she checked his mad purpose, and added these words in a tone of gentle reproach : “ My son, let be these unworthy thoughts ; is this the time for brute fury ?—when thy nearest and dearest are left without defence in the midst of swords and flames. What hast thou to do with *Helen* ? She is not the cause—neither she nor her guilty lover—of *Troy's* overthrow. These towers were doomed to destruction before ever *Paris* saw her face. Now behold ! for I will rend the cloud which dims thy mortal vision and lies around thee, dark and damp, that thou mayest know the truth and sub-



Venus and Æneas

By permission of Mr. Frederick Hollyer

mit thee to the will of Heaven." Then she touched his eyes with her finger ; and in a moment all Troy lay before him, and he saw all the hosts of heaven busy with the work of ruin. There was the colossal form of Neptune, amid clouds of dust and smoke, upheaving the walls with his mighty trident ; at the gates stood Juno, ever Troy's most implacable foe, summoning fresh multitudes of Greeks from the fleet, and uttering her terrible cry ; Pallas sat throned on the highest tower of the citadel, fierce as the Gorgon on her shield ; and Jove himself, the father and ruler of all, looked down from the clouds, presiding over the great work of vengeance. Wherever he looked he saw temple and palace and tower "with dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms." Like a mighty ash-tree, deep rooted in a mountain's side, sore wounded at his base by the keen axe of the woodman—deeper and deeper bites the pitiless steel, and the tall tree shudders through all his stately height ; he leans, he totters, he sinks down, with one dying groan, and lies prostrate on the grassy slope—so Pergamus was sinking, hewn down by the hands of her founder,¹ and the red flames licked her crumbling battlements.

V

The vision has vanished, and Venus is no longer present in visible form before the eyes of Æneas ;

¹ Neptune.

but her power is still with him, warding off every attack, and guiding him through brandished weapons and surrounding flames to his father's house. The enemy have not yet found their way to that favoured spot, and Anchises, Creüsa, and Iulus are still safe and sound. But when Æneas sought to take his father in his arms, and bear him away from the town, the old man stubbornly refused to leave his home. "'Tis for you," he cried, "who are still in the flush and glow of youth—'tis for you to think of flight. As for me, I am a useless burden, a shattered and sightless trunk, and I am resolved to fall with my city's fall. Is it not enough that I have once seen Troy in ruins and once survived her overthrow? I am already dead: lay me out, as for burial, and depart." In vain his son and his daughter and his grandson besieged him with entreaty; like a man stunned with sorrow he lay with his face to the wall, waiting for death.

Maddened by this unlooked-for obstacle Æneas snatched up his sword, and was preparing to seek out the thickest of the fight, and perish sword in hand, when Creüsa flung herself in his path, and, clinging to his knees, implored him to remain, and not abandon her and her child to lawless outrage. By her side the child Iulus was kneeling, fixing his eyes with mute appeal on his father's face. While Æneas stood irresolute there befell a wondrous thing. On the head of Iulus, as he stood between

his sorrowing parents, there shot up a sudden point of fire : it blazed and shone, and spread among his clustering curls, and played with innocuous touch round the temples of the child. Æneas and his wife raised a cry of alarm, and sought to quench the blazing hair ; but Anchises, who had heard their cries, knew better how to interpret the meaning of that hallowed flame. New life seemed to enter his stiffened limbs ; he rose from his couch, lifted up his hands to Heaven, and prayed for a sign to confirm this omen. Hardly had his words been uttered when a loud crash of thunder shook the house, and a flaming meteor shot across the sky, and plunged into the woods of Ida, leaving a luminous track. At this plain answer to his prayer Anchises turned to his son, and said : “ It is enough ; Heaven hath declared its will, and I resist no longer. Take me, my son, and carry me whither thou wilt.”

Overjoyed at these words of his father Æneas instantly prepared for flight ; and at this very moment a huge column of fire was seen sweeping towards the house, and a hot blast, as from a furnace, struck upon his face. Hastily summoning his servants, and dismissing them by different routes to a place of meeting outside the town, he robed himself in a lion's hide, and bowed his neck to receive that sacred burden. Anchises took in his hands the images of their household gods, and, borne on his son's broad shoulders, crossed for the

last time the threshold of his house ; Iulus took his father's hand, and Creüsa followed at some distance behind. Clinging close to the shadows they went slowly forward ; and now for the first time in his life Æneas learnt the meaning of fear, and he who had braved all the embattled hosts of Greece started at every sound and trembled at every passing breath of wind. For love makes the heart timid, and three precious lives were now in his charge.

At length they reached the appointed place, a ruined temple of Ceres outside the town, and breathed more freely as they paused to rest beneath the boughs of an ancient cypress-tree. But what was the horror of Æneas when he called his wife by name and received no answer ! She must have missed her way in the darkness, and was now nowhere to be seen. Pierced with grief at this sore mischance Æneas prepared to retrace his steps back to the city. But some time was lost while he sought a secure retreat for his father and child in a deep valley among the wooded spurs of Ida. This duty performed he commended his dear ones to the care of some of his comrades, who had escaped to the same place of refuge, and hurried, unarmed as he was, back to the town.

Cautiously retracing his footsteps, and peering round him for any trace of the lost one, he returns first to his own home, thinking that perhaps she has found her way back thither. Vain hope !



Æneas and Anchises
From a photograph by D. Anderson

As he draws near a great flame leaps up from the roof, and he sees the Greeks hurrying from the burning house laden with spoil. Then onward to the palace of Priam, where all resistance has ceased, and the spoiler's hand is busiest ; in the porch stand Phoenix and Ulysses, keeping watch over a vast pile of booty torn from the burning shrines—the rich tables where the gods were wont to sit at meat, bowls of solid gold, and embroidered raiment. Hard by is a piteous band of captive women and children. But nowhere does he see a trace of the lost Creüsa. Frantic with anxiety he flings all caution away, and flies like a madman from street to street, shouting aloud her name, and startling the echoes with his cries. In the midst of his loudest and wildest appeal he halts, arrested by a sudden fear ; the air seems to grow cold around him, and his mortal flesh shudders and shrinks, as if conscious of an unseen presence ; then out of the ebon darkness a dim white radiance appears, growing slowly into definite shape, and assuming the form and countenance of the vanished Creüsa, but taller in stature, and more majestic in mien, and clothed with an awful beauty which she had never worn before. Gazing on him with calm, sad eyes she spoke these words, softly and sweetly, shedding peace upon his soul : “ What avails this stormy passion of sorrow, dear lord of my heart ? It was not the will of him who sits enthroned in heaven's

high citadel that I should follow thee hence and share thy long wanderings and distant exile. Far away in the West lies thy goal, and there thou shalt find a new kingdom and a royal bride. Weep not for me, nor fear that I, a daughter of Dardanus and the consort of Æneas, shall ever brook the lot of servitude in the halls of a proud Grecian dame. My fate detains me here, a handmaid in the train of Cybele, the mighty mother of the gods. Farewell, and remember that thou owest more than a father's love to Iulus, the dear pledge of our wedded joy." Æneas listened weeping, and when she had finished opened his lips to reply, and stretched out his arms to clasp the form of his beloved ; but ere he had uttered a word the vision was gone, and his arms closed on the empty air.

Sorrowful, but no longer desperate, he found his way back to the spot where he had left his father and child. As he drew near the murmur of a great multitude greeted his wondering ears ; for all who had escaped from the sack of the city had flocked hither with their wives and children to share the fortunes of their banished prince. Behind them all the sky was red with the flames of their desolated homes ; but before them rose the sweet morning star, with a message of comfort and hope to those hearts so sorely tried.

The Wanderings of Æneas

I

IT was the first dawn of summer, and the green herb was already beginning to shoot among the blackened ruins of Troy, when the little fleet, bearing that shattered remnant of a mighty nation, put out into the deep. Tears dimmed the eyes of Æneas and his men as they saw their native shores fade away into the distance behind them. The past was all sorrow and the future was veiled in mystery and terror ; but Heaven's eternal eye was watching them, and a divine hand was held over them, guarding the sacred fire of Vesta, which they had brought with them from Troy's ancient altar, the undying germ of civic life.

Æneas first directed his course to the land of the Thracians, a warlike people, bound to the Trojans by ties of friendship and alliance. Arrived there he began to found a new city, called Ænus, after his own name. One day he was preparing to offer a sacrifice to his goddess-mother, and, seeking green boughs with which to adorn his altar, he saw a little mound near where he stood covered with a thick growth of myrtle. Pleased by the sight of his mother's favourite shrub he began to

pluck the green shoots ; but the twigs were more than usually tough, and seemed to resist his efforts like living things, and when at last one was torn away he saw it dripping with a red fluid like blood. He wrenched off another, and the same crimson liquor was seen oozing from the wound. Determined to explore the meaning of this strange portent he grasped the trunk of the bleeding myrtle-tree, and tugged with all his might, seeking to tear it up by the roots, when a dismal voice struck upon his ears, and he heard these words spoken from the centre of the mound : “ Forbear, *Æneas*, forbear ! Rend not my heart, and defile not thy pious hands with a kinsman’s blood. It is I, *Polydorus*, whom thou art torturing : here I lie, murdered by the hand of my host ; here I fell, pierced by a hundred javelins, which have grown into a leafy tree. Fly, fly from this accursed shore, this land of cruelty and greed.”

Æneas stood motionless and speechless, appalled by that strange message from the tomb and the tale of treachery and crime which it revealed. This *Polydorus* was *Priam*’s youngest son, committed by his father, with a great treasure, to the charge of *Polymestor*, King of Thrace. The ruffian King, when he saw that *Priam*’s star was on the wane, murdered his youthful guest, and took possession of his gold.

Full of sad thoughts *Æneas* sought counsel of *Anchises* and other Trojan elders, and told them

that dark story of lawless outrage and broken faith. All were of one mind when they heard it : clearly there was no resting-place for them on that polluted shore. Having paid the last rites to the spirit of the murdered Polydorus they abandoned the half-built walls of their intended city, and, embarking with their little host, set sail into the unknown sea.

In the midst of the Ægean lies the little island of Delos ; ages ago it was a floating rock tossed, like a ship without rudder, and driven from shore to shore ; but Apollo's hand stayed its wanderings, and rooted it with pillars of adamant to the bottom of the sea. Hither they are borne, not without the will of Heaven, and cast anchor in a deep, sheltered bay. They are received with warm welcome by Anius, Prince of Delos and Priest of Phœbus, and an ancient friend of Anchises. Without delay Æneas enters the venerable temple of Apollo, and offers prayer to Troy's trusty friend in his native seat : " O thou, whose temple stands by the waterside ¹ in the land of our birth, grant us a lasting home and an abiding city ; have pity on thy little flock, saved from the ravening wolves of Greece. Let thy light shine inward upon us, and give us a sign, that we may know where to go and where to found our walls."

Hardly had the prayer been uttered when the temple and the sacred laurel-tree, and the hill on

¹ On the banks of the Thymbrius, a river of Troy.

which the temple stood, were seized with trembling, and in the inner shrine was heard a deep and solemn sound. *Æneas* kneeled, in awful reverence prone ; and presently this answer was borne to his ears : “ Children of *Dardanus*, long-suffering hearts, the same land which gave birth to your first ancestor shall cherish you, his descendants, on its sheltering breast. Seek the ancient mother of your race ; there the house of *Æneas* shall found a world-wide empire—he, and his children’s children, and those that are born after them.”

“ The ancient mother of your race ! ” What was the god’s meaning and whither was his voice summoning them ? All turned to *Anchises*, who was famed for his prophetic skill, seeking an answer to the riddle ; and he, after pondering long on the legends of ancient days, declared that *Apollo*’s words pointed to *Crete*, the birthplace of *Jove*, their divine ancestor : “ There is *Mount Ida*, the cradle of our race ; thence came *Teucer*, and founded the first *Trojan* kingdom beneath the shadow of that other *Ida* ; thence brought he the worship of *Cybele*, with its holy silence and mystic, awful rites. The god calls us to *Crete*.” A thousand voices take up the cry, and after due offerings in thankfulness to *Phœbus* they man their vessels, and set out with joyful hearts for *Crete*.

Over the blue *Ægean*, past many an enchanted isle—*Naxos* and *Paros* and all the sister *Cyclades*—southward they are wafted to the ancient birth-

place of Jove. On the way they learn that Idomeneus, King of Crete, and one of Troy's bitterest enemies, has abandoned his kingdom and migrated to a distant land. Accordingly when, after a three days' voyage, they make the coast of Crete, they find no one to oppose their landing, and at once set about founding a new settlement. The walls begin to rise, and the citadel, named Pergamus, towers in their midst ; every hand is busy with pick-axe and spade and plough, and young wives are setting their homes in order, when suddenly an unwholesome air came down from Heaven on the growing colony, spreading blight on every green herb and wasting sickness on man and beast. The earth refused her increase, and famine and pestilence together threatened destruction to the brave little host.

By the advice of Anchises, Æneas determined to cross the sea again, and inquire of the oracle at Delos the cause of this untoward event. But on the night before his intended departure, as he lay sleeping, he saw in a vision the household gods of Troy standing in the moonlight by the open window, and heard a voice which said : " Apollo bids us declare his will to thee here, and save thee that long journey. We have followed thee faithfully through all thy wanderings, and will never desert thee and thy race, for whom a glorious destiny is prepared—but not here. It is not in Crete, but in Italy, that this green shoot from the

shattered trunk of Dardanus is to be planted ; there it shall strike deep root, and grow into a mighty tree, beneath whose spreading boughs all peoples of the earth shall be gathered together."

When Anchises was informed of his son's nocturnal visitors, and of the message which they had brought, he recognised the name of Italy, which he had heard long ago from Cassandra, as the destined home of the exiled Trojans. " But who dreamed in those days," he said, " that Cassandra was a true prophetess, or who thought that the line of Teucer would give kings to that far-off realm ? We must obey ; Phœbus cannot err ; away then, and follow whither his finger points us on."

II

Once more Troy's fortunes are afloat, and the cry is " Westward ho ! " The mountains of Crete have sunk beneath the horizon, and nothing appears but sea and sky, now black with clouds and lowering with impending storm. Down comes the wind, with sheets of rain, blotting out the view, so that the helmsmen lose their bearings, and drive at random before the tempest. Three days and three nights they are thus hurled along at the mercy of the gale ; and when the weather begins to clear Æneas finds himself under the lee of a rocky island, one of the group called Strophades,

in the Ionian Sea. One by one his vessels come struggling in, sorely battered by the heavy weather ; and at length they all cast anchor in a sheltered inlet, and the weary multitude seeks repose and refreshment in the green meadows which run down to the beach, while the more active beat the bushes in search of game.

Soon the welcome sound of lowing and bleating is heard, and a herd of fat oxen and a flock of goats are seen feeding near at hand. The choicest of the herd are speedily hemmed in and slaughtered, providing the materials for a joyful feast. But in the midst of the banquet all the air grows loud with the sound of whirring wings, and three monstrous creatures, with the bodies of birds and the faces of women, swoop down from the mountains, uttering discordant cries. The presence of these hideous beings brings pollution to all around them, and the very meat which the Trojans are eating grows tainted in their mouths ; for these are the foul Harpies, who once dwelt on the shores of Thrace and tormented the unhappy Phineus, but being driven away by the sons of Boreas, when the Argonauts passed that way on their voyage, they had taken up their abode on this lonely island.

Æneas and his company gave way before these revolting assailants, and resumed their interrupted meal in a spot sheltered by rocks and trees ; but again the Harpies came down upon them, and

turned their meat into carrion. They drew their swords, and strove to beat off these importunate guests ; but their blows fell harmless, as if they had struck upon mail of proof ; and the Harpies, after filling all the place with pestilence, took wing again, and were seen towering, like vultures, high in air—all but one, who alighted on a neighbouring rock, and shrieked at the discomfited Trojans with a voice as frightful as her face.

“ Accursed breed of an ancestor accursed, would ye add violence to robbery, and drive the Harpies from their home ? Then hear this oracle, which I heard from Apollo, and he from the eternal sire¹ : Your voyage is to Italy, and to Italy shall ye come ; but, ere ever ye shall found a city there, dire hunger shall compel you to devour your tables, in vengeance for the wrong which ye have wrought upon me and my sisters.”

So spake Celæno, the eldest of the Harpies, and cold fear froze the blood of the Trojans when they heard her prophecy. With prayer and sacrifice they sought to avert the evil foretold them ; and when these were ended they went on board their ships, and the south wind bore them from that inhospitable shore. Past the waving woods of Zacynthus they fly, and Dulichium, and Same, and the towering cliffs of Neritus ; then Ithaca looms in view, the rugged nurse of cruel Ulysses, and many a brow is bent, and many a curse is muttered,

¹Jupiter.



"Again the Harpies came down"

By permission of Mr. Frederick Hollyer

at the mention of that hated name. At last a cloud-capped peak appears, and, sweeping through a rocky and perilous channel, they cast anchor beneath the shadow of Apollo's temple in the bay of Actium.

Winter is now approaching, and for some months their travels were at an end. The first care of Æneas was to perform a solemn act of sacrifice and worship to Jove, and purify himself and his people from the defilement which they had incurred in the Harpies' island. The winter was passed in rest and recreation; and at the first dawn of spring they broke up their camp, and, skirting the coast of Epirus, put into the harbour of Buthrotum, on the mainland, opposite the blue mountains of Corfu.

They were now, as they supposed, on Grecian territory, in the kingdom of Pyrrhus, son of Achilles; but Æneas learned to his amazement that Pyrrhus was dead, and that his kingdom had passed to Helenus, son of Priam. Eager to learn by what strange accident this great revolution had come to pass the Trojan leader turned his steps towards the town, attended by a small company, when, passing through a grove near the city gates, he came upon a scene which redoubled his astonishment. Before an altar of turf stood Andromache, Hector's widow, offering sacrifice to the spirit of her husband, whose bones lay buried in the land of Troy. As soon as she caught sight of Æneas

and his men she started back in affright, thinking them to be spectres, and fell fainting into the arms of her handmaids ; and when her senses came back to her she opened her eyes, and said in faltering tones : “ Is it the living *Æneas* whom I behold or his ghostly image ? And if thou art a spirit, why is it thou, and not *Hector*, whose form I see ? ” “ It is the true *Æneas*,” answered the hero, “ who visits thee in the flesh. But tell me of thyself, and say if *Hector*’s widow has been faithful to his memory.” At this searching question *Andromache* hung her head, and answered in low and mournful tones : “ Would that I had shared the lot of *Polyxena*, who died a stainless maiden at the tomb of her foe ! Then should I have avoided the sad doom of slavery, and all the shame which it brings. After the fall of our country I was given as a slave to *Pyrrhus*, *Achilles*’ haughty son ; and when *Pyrrhus* was slain by *Orestes*, his rival for the hand of *Hermione*, I became the bride of *Helenus*, whom *Pyrrhus* had left in charge of his kingdom. By the death of *Pyrrhus* part of his dominions passed to *Helenus*, who renamed the land *Chaonia*, after his friend, the Trojan *Chaon*, and built the castle, which thou seest on yonder height, to remind him of his native *Pergamus*.”

Andromache was going on to inquire about the fortunes of *Æneas* when *Helenus* himself appeared, and conducted the Trojans to his palace, where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared. On the

way he pointed out to his guests the chief features of the place ; and Æneas heard with emotion the familiar names of Xanthus and Pergamus and Scæan Gate—all borrowed from their ancient home, and calling up a thousand sacred memories.

When two days had gone by Æneas called Helenus aside, and questioned him anxiously as to the course he was to pursue. “Thou art the chosen priest of Phœbus,” said Æneas ; “thou art deep in all the lore of the prophetic god ; thou canst read the stars, and interpret the signs of Heaven’s will seen in the flight and heard in the cry of birds—tell me, then, what perils threaten me as I pursue the path marked out for me by Heaven and fulfil the destiny foretold me by many clear tokens. All seems to favour my enterprise and to point me out as one chosen by fate to found a great nation ; only the words of the Harpy, of which I told thee, threaten reverse and disaster.” Thus solemnly appealed to Helenus, after due sacrifice and prayer, conducted Æneas to the shrine of Apollo, and when the spirit of the god came upon him, he opened his mouth and declared all the counsel of Phœbus.

“Son of Anchises, that thou art born to achieve great things is shown by many concurring signs ; and as far as mortal eyes are permitted to discern the future, thou shalt learn all that thou desirest to know. But thou errest in supposing thy goal so near ; by thee it is only to be reached by a long

and winding path. Meanwhile I will tell thee a sure sign, by which thou shalt know the place appointed for thy city: One day thou shalt be sitting in anxious thought on the banks of a stream, remote from the paths of men, and thou shalt see a great white sow, with a litter of thirty young ones, lying under the shade of an oak. This shall be the site of thy city, this the haven of thy rest. Fear not the malicious prophecy of the Harpy; fate will find a way, and Apollo will hear thee in thy need. But shun the shore of Italy which lies opposite this coast, for all that eastern side of the land is beset by our foes. And when thou first sightest the peak which seems to guard the entrance of Sicily, see that thou steer thy course southward, and shun the terrible strait which severs that fair island from the continent. Two fearful warders guard that narrow pass: on the left hand lies Charybdis, and three times a day she swallows down the flood, and spouts it up again, even to the welkin's cheek;¹ and on the right hand Scylla sits couched in her cavern, ready to seize any passing ship and dash it on the rocks. As far as the waist she is a woman of comely form; but beneath she is a sea-monster with scaly folds, and her loins are girdled with the heads of howling wolves. Therefore I bid thee avoid that peril, and choose the long but safe path.

¹ Shakespeare, *Tempest*.

“Thus far thou art forewarned ; now mark what follows, and pay good heed to this command, if thou hast any faith in me and believest me to be a true prophet : Before all else pay worship to the divinity of Juno, and draw near to her night and day with sacrifice and prayer ; if she but incline her heart unto thee thy path is clear. And when thou reachest the western shore of Italy let nothing deter thee from visiting the Sibyl’s awful cave, in the grove of Avernus, near the city of Cumæ. There she dwells in solitude, and writes her oracles on the leaves of trees ; but when her task is done she cares not to guard this frail chronicle of fate, but at the first light breath of wind the leaves are scattered, and all her toil is marred. Approach her with reverence, and entreat her to foretell thy fortunes with her own lips.

“So far I am permitted to inform thee ; the veil has fallen, and I can see no more. Heaven speed thee now, and bear thee strongly upward to the place which thou shalt win.”

III

Laden with rich gifts, and pursued by their kind hosts with blessings and tears, the children of destiny launch their ships, and at the fall of evening anchor under the towering headland which juts out into the Adriatic to meet the opposite

cliffs of Italy. Here they intend to pass the night and cross the narrow waters next day. But at midnight Palinurus, the captain of Æneas's vessel, wakes suddenly, and, seeing that the night is calm and the wind fair, gives the signal to start. With level sails they bound swiftly over the softly heaving, starlit waters, and every heart beats high as they draw nearer and nearer to the land of their adoption. And now the stars grew pale, and dawn flushed rosy red on the Acroceraunian heights, while before them, in the west, appeared a low line of misty hills. "Italy!" cried Achates, the trusty squire of Æneas; and all the fleet took up the cry, till the air rang with the magic name of Italy. Then Anchises filled a golden goblet with wine, and, standing high on the after-deck of the vessel, poured a drink-offering to the powers of land and sea, praying for a prosperous voyage and a safe landing. The wind blew stronger, in answer to his prayer, and speedily they saw before them an opening in the rock-bound coast, leading by a narrow channel into a land-locked basin. On a lofty height, commanding the haven, stood the columned temple of Minerva, and on a meadow near the shore four snow-white steeds were grazing. "It is a message of war," said Anchises; for the horse is a warlike beast.

Here they may not linger, for all the coast bristles with foes. But before they turn their prows southward they veil their faces, as is the

fashion of the Trojans, and with bowed knee and suppliant hands breathe the dreaded names of Juno and Minerva.

The shores of Italy begin to fade, and far away, on the southern horizon, rises the fiery crest of Ætna. To the right they hear an angry, moaning sound, which warns them that they are on the threshold of the dreaded Sicilian strait, the abode of Scylla and Charybdis. Even at this distance the billows rise to a gigantic height, threatening to swamp their vessels. Palinurus calls to his men to take to their oars; the rest of the fleet follow his example, and, borne forward by oars and sails, they are soon out of the reach of danger. With sunset the wind dropped, and after hours of weary toil they landed in the darkness beneath the black shadow of Ætna, where the giant Enceladus lies chained on his uneasy couch. For after the defeat of the Titans, the enormous brood of Earth, who had risen up in revolt against Jove, Enceladus, the most violent of these fierce rebels, was confined in a subterranean dungeon, and the huge mass of Ætna was flung upon his bruised limbs to keep him fast; and whenever he stirs in that living grave the whole mountain quakes and trembles, and fire and smoke and molten rocks are belched up through the throat of the furnace.

Fevered was the sleep and troubled the dreams of the Trojans while their fleet lay moored in that fearful neighbourhood. The night was black and

starless, and the air was full of strange sounds, as if some vast, primeval monster were groaning and gasping for breath. The day dawned red and threatening, and Æneas had given the order to embark, when out of the woods which clothe the lower slopes of Ætna a man came slowly limping, whose appearance showed him to be in the last extremity of want and misery. He was covered with mire, and clothed in rags, scarce held together with thorns, and his face was almost hidden by a matted growth of hair and beard. In such guise he came on with feeble steps, holding out his hands like one imploring pity and protection. When he recognised the Trojan arms and dress he halted suddenly, and seemed to hesitate ; then, summoning resolution, he came on again with quickened steps, and flung himself at the knees of Æneas, who had advanced to meet him. "Save me," he cried, speaking in the Greek language, with sobs and tears ; "only take me from this horrible place, and then use me as ye will. I am a Greek, as ye hear, and I fought with the other Greeks against Troy. If that is a crime past forgiveness let me suffer for it ; tear me limb from limb, and fling the fragments on the waves—it will be something to be slaughtered by human hands."

Touched to the heart by that speaking image of wretchedness and despair Æneas raised the poor outcast from the ground, comforted him with gentle words, and encouraged him to tell his story.

Reassured by this kind reception he informed them that he was one of the comrades of Ulysses, left behind in their hasty flight from the cave of the Cyclops Polyphemus. For the hardy Ithacan had visited this island in his wanderings, and had put out the single eye of Polyphemus, which flamed like the sun in the centre of his forehead, in revenge for the murder of his comrades, whom the cannibal monster had slain and devoured. For three months the unhappy castaway had skulked in the woods, supporting life on berries and roots, and affrighted by the ponderous tread of Polyphemus and his brethren, and their mighty voices, which rumbled like thunder over his head. Then, catching sight of the Trojan vessels, he had crept from his hiding-place, determined to trust himself to the mercy of the new-comers, whoever they might be.

He had just finished his story when a sound of crashing boughs was heard, as if some great beast were advancing through the jungle; and in a moment the giant shepherd came into view, supporting his footsteps on the trunk of a tall pine. Slowly he felt his way towards the sea, that monster horrible, misshapen, huge, and sightless; and when he reached the margin of the bay he knelt down, and washed the oozing gore from the gaping pit in his brow, while groans, as of some wounded leviathan, made the very waters tremble.

In wild panic the people of Æneas fled to their

ships, and the hollow cliffs resounded to the beat of a thousand oars as they made haste to reach the open sea. Polyphemus heard, and waded out into deep water in the direction of the sound, with arms outstretched, to seize one of the flying vessels. But, finding himself outpaced, he lifted up his voice, and sent forth a colossal shout, which was bellowed back from the caverns of Ætna, and reached the far-off shores of Italy. Roused by that tremendous signal his brethren came rushing from the woods, and gathered in dread conclave, filling all the beach. Like towering oaks they stood, or tall cypress-trees, glaring with orbs of fire at the Trojan fleet and the dashing oars. But the wind blew fair, and soon that tall cohort dwindled to pigmy size in the distance, and the rugged outlines of Ætna grew fainter and fainter.

Along the eastern and southern shore of Sicily they fly, where the blue waters lap softly round the feet of gently sloping hills, one day to be the site of many a famous city—Syracuse and Agrigentum and Gela. Having rounded the western cape of the island they come to anchor in the harbour of Drepanum.

Here a great sorrow fell upon Æneas ; his aged father, Anchises, who had followed him through all his wanderings, and cheerfully endured many perils and privations, passed gently away, worn out with years and sorrows ; and his bones were laid in foreign soil, far from the land of his birth.

IV

"The heavens' vast world stood silent ; Neptune gave
A hushful pause to Ocean's roughening wave ;
The Sun curbed his swift steeds ; the eternal floods
Stood still ; and not a breath was on the woods."

ENNIUS.

So far the Trojan emigrants have been suffered to proceed, slowly and by winding ways, but without any direct hindrance, towards their destined goal. But now a new power appears on the scene, and a hostile influence begins to work against them, which will henceforth dog their footsteps for many years. That power is Juno, who had ever been Troy's bitterest and most implacable enemy. Many causes concurred to keep alive her hatred against that devoted race—the judgment of Paris, who had given the prize of beauty to her rival, Venus ; the high favour shown to Ganymede, a lovely Trojan boy, whom Jupiter had made immortal, and exalted to be his cup-bearer ; and the ten long years of hope deferred and anxious toil when the Greeks were fighting against Troy. Besides all these bitter memories, a new and pressing occasion had lately arisen to fan the smouldering embers of her resentment into a blaze. On the northern coast of Africa, fronting the shores of Sicily, a colony from Tyre had recently founded the city of Carthage, and the capricious Queen of Heaven had centred all her affections on the

Tyrian settlement, forgetting the ancient ties which bound her to the Grecian states. And now she had heard a prophecy, foretelling that a great nation was fated to spring from the blood of the Trojan exiles which should one day level the towers of Carthage with the dust and found a new empire upon her ruins.

Seated on her heavenly car the goddess was speeding on her way from Carthage, full of ambitious schemes for the rising city, when, turning her eyes earthward, she saw the fleet of Æneas putting out from the shore of Sicily and heading for the Italian coast. At this unwelcome sight she checked the flight of her airy steeds, and communed thus with her heart: "There goes the Prince of Troy, the child of fortune, and thinks to thwart my purpose, and bring all my plans to naught. Powers less august than I can work their will, and vindicate their insulted majesty; Ajax blasphemed against Pallas, and in the midst of his boastings was blasted by Jove's fiery bolt—and I, the high Queen of Heaven, the consort of heaven's King, must war in vain for years against this broken remnant of a ruined race."

Bent on thoughts of mischief Juno turned aside from her course, which had been directed towards Olympus, and made all speed towards the distant realm of Æolus, the King of the Winds. On through the void and trackless vault of heaven she sped, until she came to a sequestered place at the



"Death stared the Trojans in the Face"

remotest confines of the world. Before her rose a vast rocky pile, whose top was hidden in the clouds, and sounds, as if a thousand fettered demons were raging, came from the mountain's hollow breast. For here all the winds that blow were kept in captivity; and at the portals of their prison, now fast closed, sat their goaler and king, Æolus, sceptre in hand. To him came Juno in hot haste, and addressed her prayer: "Sovereign of storm and calm, by right divine, a nation which I hate is sailing the Tuscan Sea, bringing its conquered gods to Italy; unchain thy tempests, scatter their barques, wreck them, sink them, strew the waves with their bodies! I have seven fair nymphs who serve in my train; and of these the fairest, Deiopea, shall be thine, and dwell with thee for ever as thy fond and faithful wife, if only thou wilt aid me in this need."

Æolus answered: "'Tis thine, great Queen, to command and mine to obey, for whatever I have of honour and worship I owe to Thee." Thereupon he smote the rock with his spear; open flew the massy portals of stone, and forth rushed the winds with an exulting roar, jostling each other in their haste to reach the sea. A thick curtain of darkness was drawn across the sky, chequered by jagged gleams of lightning; the waves rose black and threatening, the thunder bellowed, and death stared the Trojans in the face. Then cold terror struck home to the heart of Æneas, and while he

hung on the brink of a watery grave all the past flashed before his eyes : in a moment he seemed to live over again all the scenes of the ten years' war. How happy they who had fallen fighting for their country and were now sleeping in their quiet graves ! But he must perish ignobly, like any poor fisherman drowned in the midst of his humble toil. In the midst of his sad meditations a shrieking squall from the north struck the sail of his vessel athwart and buried her decks in foam. Her oars were broken, and she drifted a helpless wreck. Meanwhile the other ships of his fleet were faring no better ; three of them were dashed upon a ridge of rocks ; three were swept upon the dreaded sandbank called the Syrtes ; and one was struck by a tremendous sea before the very eyes of *Æneas*, and swallowed up with all her crew.

But the malice of *Juno* was now to receive a check. Far down in the lowest depths of ocean stands the watery palace of *Neptune*, the great monarch of all floods, and to his ears were now borne the sounds of that fierce commotion which was convulsing earth and sea far above his head. Swiftly he rose to the surface, and saw all the havoc which his fierce sister had wrought. Much angered at this invasion of his realm by an alien power he summoned the Winds before him, and rebuked them sternly for breaking the peace of his kingdom without leave asked of him. The Winds fled abashed from his presence, and returned

to their gaoler, Æolus, bearing strict charge from Neptune to keep them fast bound. Then the sea knew the voice of his master, and hushed all his wild waves to sleep ; and the powers which govern the waters above the firmament drove the clouds, like trooping herds, before them, and ushered back the day. The blue waters laughed in the sunlight, and the light airs whispered " Peace ! "

Neptune now summoned his chariot, and drove swiftly over the level surface, attended by a throng of Tritons and ocean nymphs. With his own hand he lifted the shattered vessels from their sandy bed ; and the Tritons heaved up the ships which had struck on the rocks, and bore them on their mighty shoulders to a place of safety.

NEPTUNE

King of the stormy sea !

Brother of Jove, and co-inheritor
Of elements ! Eternally before
Thee the waves awful bow. Fast, stubborn rock,
At thy fear'd trident shrinking, doth unlock
Its deep foundations, hissing into foam.
All mountain-rivers, lost in the wide home
Of thy capacious bosom, ever flow.
Thou frownest, and old Æolus thy foe
Skulks to his cavern, 'mid the gruff complaint
Of all his rebel tempests. Dark clouds faint
When, from thy diadem, a silver gleam
Slants over blue dominion. Thy bright team
Gulphs in the morning light, and scuds along
To bring thee nearer to that golden song
Apollo singeth, while his chariot
Waits at the doors of heaven. Thou art not
For scenes like this : an empire stern hast thou ;
And it hath furrow'd that large front : yet now,
As newly come of heaven, dost thou sit
To blend and interknit
Subduéd majesty with this glad time.
O shell-borne king sublime !
We lay our hearts before thee evermore—
We sing, and we adore !

JOHN KEATS.



Neptune

From a photograph by Levy et ses fils

v

On the northern extremity of the African coast-line there is a deep bay, whose entrance is guarded by a rocky island, leaving a narrow passage at either end. On the landward side the shore sweeps round in a spacious curve, forming an amphitheatre of waving woods, and rising, at each end of the arc, to a tall spire of rock, commanding the double channel. Within there is a cool grotto, looking down on the bay, with natural seats of mossy stone and a spring of pure water. In this calm retreat, the favourite haunt of the nymphs, Æneas, with seven vessels of his fleet, finds shelter after his rude buffeting on the deep. Gladly the wanderers stretch their brine-soaked, weary limbs on the sand, and watch the mimic wavelets which softly kiss the shore. Achates is the first to rouse himself; he collects a pile of drift-wood, and kindles a fire by striking sparks from a flint. Others bring corn from their ships, parch the sodden grain over the fire, and make such cheer as they can with their scanty store.

Leaving his men thus busied Æneas scales the cliff, and gazes anxiously over the sea for some sign of his missing comrades. Seeing no trace of a sail anywhere, he is preparing to return, when he catches sight of three tall stags grazing in a neighbouring thicket, and followed by a troop of

hinds and fawns. By a lucky chance he is armed with a bow and arrows, which he caught up as he started on his quest ; with swift aim he strikes down the antlered leaders of the herd, and then showers his arrows at random among the huddled ranks of the flying mob ; and when he has spent all his arrows seven fat deer lie prostrate among the bushes. With a loud shout he summons his comrades ; the rich booty is borne in triumph to the beach, and the crew of each ship receives a whole carcass for its share. Then *Æneas* brings out a supply of choice wine, a parting gift from their host in Sicily, and, assuming a cheerful air, deals it out among his followers with no sparing hand. "Comrades," he says, "we have learnt patience in a hard school, and, though the present seems dark, we have come safely through worse trials than these. Fierce is the struggle and long the road by which we must pass to the glory which awaits those who endure to the end. The prize which costs no effort is not worth the winning."

Cheered by his words the Trojans make ready for a great feast. They flay the carcasses and divide the meat ; some set up great cauldrons over blazing fires and boil the inferior portions ; while the choicer morsels are spitted, and roasted over the glowing embers. When their rude cookery is finished they sit down in circles round the fires, and fill themselves with fat venison and old

wine. Having appeased their hunger they draw closer together, and discuss in low tones the probable fate of their absent fellows ; and the heart of Æneas grows heavy within him as he hears the familiar name of many a gallant warrior, whose bones may soon lie bleaching at the bottom of the sea.

While Æneas was thus sitting, lost in pensive meditation, among his men, his fortunes were the matter of high debate among the powers who watch over the sad struggle and effort of human life. Not unmarked of Jove was the anxious hero as the monarch of heaven gazed on the wide prospect over land and sea from his throne among the clouds. Deeply he was pondering in his immortal mind the great events to come, when he heard the sound of a gentle sigh, and saw his lovely daughter Venus kneeling near him, lifting her dewy eyes and clasping her hands in earnest supplication. " Lord of earth and heaven," began Venus in pleading tones, " what crime has Æneas ever committed against thee, or how have the Trojans offended thee, that after all their woes and losses land and sea are barred against them on the way to Italy ? Hast thou forgotten the world-wide empire which thou didst promise to my son when I was consumed with sorrow for Troy's sad overthrow ? And shall all this be brought to naught to glut the malice of one offended power ? 1

¹ Juno:

Wilt thou forswear thyself, and are thy words but air ? ”

Bland as the close of a summer day was the countenance of the Sire as he smiled upon his daughter, kissing her lips, and thus answered her complaint : “ Fear nothing, my child ; the destiny of thy loved ones is fixed beyond repeal. Lo ! now I will open to thine eyes the great volume of fate, and give thee a glimpse into the far-off future. First, Æneas shall come to Italy, and conquer her proud sons, and found a city and a kingdom. From him the sceptre shall pass to his son Iulus, who shall reign for thirty years, and transfer the seat of empire to Alba. Here the kinsmen of Hector shall hold sway for three hundred years, until the royal priestess, Ilia, shall bear twin sons to the God of War. A she-wolf shall nurse the boys, and the elder of them, Romulus, shall found the walls of Rome, and call the people Romans after his own name ; and, so long as time shall last, Rome shall be mistress of the world. Even the fierce heart of Juno shall be softened, and with me she shall cherish the imperial sons of Rome. As the ages roll on the day shall come when the haughty sons of Greece will bow their heads and confess the Trojans as their lords. From that line shall spring great Julius, named from his ancestor Iulus, who shall fill the world with his conquests and heaven with his fame. Him shalt thou welcome to the sky, and he shall be numbered among

the sons of heaven. And after that shall follow an age of universal peace ; justice and mercy shall dwell among the habitations of men, and the demon of strife shall sit fast bound in her dungeon, gnashing her teeth, and thirsting in vain for blood."

This said, he called to Mercury, the messenger of the gods, and despatched him to Carthage to prepare the way for the coming of Æneas. Mercury quickly fulfilled his charge, and inclined the hearts of the Tyrians, and above all of their Queen, to thoughts of hospitality and kindness.

VI

After a sleepless night Æneas rose at the first peep of day, resolved to explore the strange country on whose shores he had been cast. Having concealed his ships under an overarching cliff, and bidden his men keep close till his return, he set out with Achates, and plunged into the forest. He had not gone far when he saw a stately damsel coming towards him, dressed like a huntress in a short tunic, shod with stout sandals, and bearing on her shoulders a well-furnished quiver. " Tell me, fair sirs," she said, " have ye seen any of my sisters roving in these woods, equipped, like me, for the chase, and beating the covert in quest of game ? "

"I have seen none of thy sisters," answered *Æneas*. "Fair lady;—by what name shall I call thee? A goddess, surely, for thy beauty is more than human, and thy voice has no mortal sound. Art thou the sister of *Phœbus*, or one of the nymphs who attend her? Whoever thou be, grant us thy favour, and relieve our distress. We are poor wanderers, cast away on this savage shore, and would know what treatment we are to look for from the dwellers in this land."

The maid replied, with a modest smile: "I cannot claim such honours; I am but a simple *Tyrian* maiden, following the chase, like all the daughters of my nation. As to thy question, thou art in the dominions of *Dido*, who led a colony from her native *Tyre* and founded a city on these shores. She was driven from her home by cruel wrongs. *Sychæus*, her husband, a wealthy *Tyrian*, to whom she had been wedded in the first bloom of youth, was murdered for his gold by her brother *Pygmalion*, who at that time held the sceptre of *Tyre*. Long he concealed the deed, and deluded with cunning tales his sister's sorrowing heart. But at last the spirit of *Sychæus* appeared to *Dido* in a dream, and told her all the tale of treachery and murder; then he bade her fly, and told her the place where *Pygmalion* had concealed his stolen hoard. *Dido* gathered a band of *Tyrians*, and fled over the sea to this place. She bought land for a settlement, and called the name of the



"She seemed to grow in Stature"

By permission of Mr. Frederick Hollyer

city Carthage. But say now, who are ye? Whence come ye, and whither are ye bound?"

"The day would not suffice," answered Æneas, "to tell all the story of our woes. We are Trojans, and men call me the pious Æneas. With twenty ships I escaped from the Greeks after the sack of Troy, and was bound, under divine command, for Italy, when a storm dispersed my fleet, and destroyed all but seven, with which I have been driven to your coasts. I am a needy exile, the sport of malignant chance, to whom Europe and Asia have denied a resting-place." At this piteous complaint the supposed huntress gazed long on the downcast features of Æneas, and at last replied in cheering tones: "Take heart, and be not so despondent, for I read thy story better. Look yonder, and behold a sign that heaven has not forsaken thee." Æneas looked in the direction in which she was pointing, and saw a flight of swans, fourteen in all, who had just escaped from the pursuit of an eagle, and were now settling peacefully in a green meadow. "It is a sign," said the damsel, "that thy missing ships are safe, and are even now entering the harbour in full sail."

As she spoke she seemed to grow in stature, a rosy light was shed around her, a divine perfume breathed from her flowing tresses, her short tunic grew into an ample robe, and by her gait¹ the

¹ Shakespeare, *Tempest* :

"Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait."

goddess stood confessed. Then she floated away into the woods, with one last smile of heavenly sweetness at her son, who strove in vain to overtake her, and pursued her with reproaches. "Cruel mother," he murmured as he struck into a path which led across the hills, "art thou too my enemy? Why dost thou mock me thus?" But though she was no more seen her power was near him, and she shed a thick darkness on the eyes of all who met him, that none might vex or hinder him until he came into the presence of Dido.

At length they reached the top of an eminence, and the whole city of Carthage lay spread out like a map beneath their feet, with its half-finished walls, its rising towers, its spacious docks, and well-paved streets. The air was filled with the hum of happy labour, and a busy multitude swarmed about the growing piles of building, plying trowel and pick-axe and spade. Descending the hill they passed through a wide gateway, and entered the town. "Happy people, who have now a settled habitation," sighed *Æneas*, and directed his steps towards a great temple, which Dido had founded in honour of Juno on a steep hill in the centre of Carthage. While digging out the foundations the workmen had come upon a horse's head, which was a sign vouchsafed by the goddess foretelling the future wealth and warlike fame of the place.

Still invisible to all eyes *Æneas* and his com-

panion stood before the temple, admiring its massive structure, its brazen steps and doors, and the work of cunning artists which adorned its front. And here he saw, with mingled wonder and delight, the whole story of the Trojan War painted on the outer wall of the temple. Deeply moved by this tacit tribute to the high renown of the events in which he himself had played no second part, he turned to Achates, and said : “ Trusty comrade, thou seest that our fame has reached even this distant spot. Take courage, then ; here too are human hearts which can respond to honour’s call and beat in sympathy with a tale of sorrow.” Long they pored together over that mute record of the great heroic drama. They saw the Greeks flying in rout to their ships, with Hector and the Trojans in hot pursuit ; then pursuers became pursued, and Achilles drove the panic-stricken multitude before him, slaughtering them like sheep. Here lay King Rhesus, butchered in his sleep by Diomedes, who was galloping off to the Grecian camp with the fatal snow-white steeds. There were seen the noble ladies of Troy, moving in slow procession to the temple of Minerva, and bearing a rich embroidered robe as a peace-offering to the stern warrior goddess. Then they came to the last and most moving scene of all, where Priam knelt at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those terrible, murderous hands, which had slain so many of his sons. And, not the least among all that

muster of famous heroes, he saw his own figure, wherever the battle raged thickest, matched hand-to-hand against the mightiest of the sons of Greece.

In speechless trance Æneas and Achates stood devouring with their eyes that painted pageant of war, when the sudden tramp of many feet broke in upon their reverie, and they saw a glittering train ascending the temple steps. In the midst walked Dido, moving with queenly grace, tall and stately as Diana leading her nymphs in the dance. She took her seat on a throne before the shrine in which was placed the statue of Juno, and there, surrounded by a favoured group of warriors and statesmen, she presided with queenly dignity while many a weighty question was brought forward for debate.

The session was not half ended when a loud clamour arose outside the temple, and many voices were heard demanding admission into the royal presence. When, after some delay, leave was granted to enter, Æneas saw to his amazement the whole muster of his missing comrades, thronging with excited gestures into the great, vaulted chamber. Ilioneus, an aged Trojan prince, stood forward from the rest, and, advancing to the foot of the throne, addressed the Queen in tones of reproach. "Royal lady," he began, "if thou wouldst deserve Heaven's favour, incline thine ear unto our complaint. Thou seest before thee a remnant of the ill-starred race of Troy, driven by

tempest from their course, which was bound for Italy. We are not come as invaders, but as helpless, storm-driven wanderers, who ask but a few days' respite to refit their ships. But this is denied us ; we are refused a landing, and threatened with fire and sword. Is it the fashion of your people to offer violence to distressed and defenceless men ? If ye dread not human vengeance, yet fear the vengeance of Heaven. We had a King, called Æneas, a name renowned wherever justice and piety and valour are terms of reverence among the sons of men. If he still lives, be sure that you will have your reward for befriending his countrymen in their need."

A loud shout from the Trojans hailed the conclusion of their leader's speech. Dido, who was somewhat embarrassed by the reproaches of Ilioneus, replied briefly but graciously. "Fear nothing," she said, "gallant Trojans ; we are surrounded by enemies, and compelled to keep jealous watch on our borders, but for your nation we have nothing but friendship and good will. If ye would sail for Italy I will supply you with all you want, and send you on your way rejoicing ; or perhaps I shall persuade you to make your home among us : you will be made right welcome, and there shall be no distinction between Trojan and Tyrian. But my first care must be to send out searchers to look for your absent King."

As Dido ceased speaking there arose a sudden

stir among the multitude surrounding the throne, and cries of joy and amazement went up from the ranks of the Trojans to behold Æneas standing in their midst, radiant with health and beauty. Then a deep silence fell upon all as the Prince came forward and addressed the young Queen of Carthage in these words: "I, whom thou seekest, am here, Trojan Æneas, saved from the waves of Libya.¹ Noble, generous Queen, who alone hast taken pity on this poor remnant of a great people, who hast welcomed these my fellow-exiles to thy home and thy heart, words are too weak to thank thee for thy goodness, though all the scattered tribes of Dardanus had but one voice to sing thy praises. In thine own heart thou wilt find thy best reward. Happy the age which has seen thy birth and marked thy growing virtues! Happy the parents to whom was born such a daughter! In whatever lands it be our fate to wander thy name shall ever be the first in honour among us."

When the first warm greetings had been exchanged between Æneas and his friends—returned, as it seemed in both cases, from the grave—Dido, who had now recovered from her first surprise, replied thus to the grateful words which she had just heard: "And art thou indeed that Æneas whom lovely Venus bore to Anchises, the shepherd-prince of Troy? I am no stranger to thy name and thy renown. Long years ago there came a

¹ Africa;

Greek, named Teucer, to the house of my father, Belus, in Sidon, and from him I heard of all the illustrious chiefs who fought in the Trojan War. He was full of the praises of his gallant enemies, and boasted of his own descent from his namesake Teucer, the ancestor of the kings of Troy. Therefore welcome, brave warriors, to the halls of Dido. I also, like you, have been driven by fate to seek a distant home in a strange land, and my own sorrows have taught me compassion for others."

With these words of princely welcome the young Queen descended from her throne, and, giving her hand to Æneas, conducted him to her palace. At the same time she sent down to the fleet a bountiful store of provisions and waggon-loads of wine. But in the banquet-hall of the palace the board was spread with all that was richest and rarest. The walls were hung with tapestries of purple dye, and the tables glittered with gold and silver plate, chased by the cunning hands of Sidonian artists, and storied with the high deeds of the ancient house of Belus.

While the Queen was thus busy with hospitable cares Æneas despatched Achates to the fleet with a loving message to the little Iulus, bidding him join his father without delay, and bring with him certain choice gifts for their generous hostess.

Achates was no lagging messenger ; but there was another who was far swifter than he, and when he reached the shore Iulus was no longer

there to receive his father's greetings. All through the previous night Venus had lain sleepless, her brain busy with a subtle scheme for ensnaring the heart of Dido and binding her to Æneas by bonds stronger than those of kindness. At length her plan was ripe, and, calling her son Cupid, she unfolded to him her design. "My son," she said, "thou art my strength and my sole resource; thou hast a spell to charm the mightiest—before thee the bolts of Jove himself fall powerless; and thou canst aid me in this sore strait. Æneas, thy brother, is now the guest of Dido, and she seems all softness and goodness; but I fear the treachery of Punic hearts, and above all I dread the guile of Juno, who loves the Tyrians and hates the Trojans. Therefore it is my purpose to forestall her plots, and storm the citadel of Dido's heart before the enemy has had time to find harbour there. Now learn how thou canst aid me in this. The royal child Iulus has been summoned by his father to Carthage; on him I will cast a deep sleep, and so bear him away to Cyprus or Cythera, and keep him there until thou hast played thy part; and meanwhile do thou assume the likeness of Iulus, and when Dido takes thee on her lap, and kisses and fondles thee, set all thy spells to work, and fill all her heart and soul with love for Æneas."

It was a congenial task which Venus gave to her roguish boy, and right gleefully he followed her to the place where the young Iulus lay. Venus

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caught up the child, and bore him away to her pleasant garden in Idalia, where she left him sleeping sweetly on a bed of flowers. Thus, when Achates came back from his errand, it was Cupid himself, in the likeness of the little Trojan prince, who received his supposed father's blessings and brought his gifts to the Queen. They found the guests already seated at the banquet, to which Æneas, with those next to him in rank, and all the noblest of the Tyrians, were invited.

"This is Iulus, my only son," said Æneas as he rose from his place, by the side of his hostess, and kissed the lovely boy. "He is welcome for his father's sake," answered Dido—"and for his own," she added, smiling fondly as she gazed on that rosy face and those sparkling eyes. The gifts were displayed—a rich mantle, embroidered with the yellow acanthus flower, brought by Helen from her Spartan home, when she started on that fatal voyage ; a sceptre, once borne by Ilione, the eldest of Priam's daughters ; a necklace of pearls and a jewelled coronet. Dido received them with warm thanks. "Yet here thou hast a dearer treasure," she said, opening her arms to the divine counterfeit of Iulus, who nestled in her bosom, and bewitched her with his innocent wiles. Ah ! hapless Queen ! thou little knowest that he whom thou deemest so innocent is a mighty god, before whose power the proudest and the strongest have bowed their heads and humbled all their pride.

The banquet draws towards its close, and that sweet hour succeeds when the grosser cravings of appetite are stilled, and the mind is attuned to the soft touches of social pleasure. The voices of the guests, no longer drowned by the clatter and bustle of feasting, swell upward in one great symphony to the vaulted ceiling, and torches of perfumed wood throw a fitful light on that gay and animated scene. At this happy moment a massive golden bowl, thick set with gems, was brought to the Queen. "It is an ancient heirloom of my family," she informed Æneas as she filled the great goblet to the brim with unmixed wine. Then with a gesture imposing silence she uttered a prayer to the god of hospitality: "Jupiter, who givest laws to host and guest, grant that this day may be the beginning of joy to Tyrian and Trojan exiles, a day to be remembered by our posterity. Come, Bacchus, lord of delight; come, Juno, and grace our festivity. And you, my Tyrians, incline your hearts to hospitable thoughts."

Her prayer ended, she spilt a few drops of wine on the table as a drink-offering; then with firm hand she lifted the weighty beaker, whose jewels flashed in the torchlight, and touched the brim with her lips. On her left sat Bitias, a bearded giant in the train of Æneas; to him she handed the cup with a challenge; he took a deep draught, and passed it to his neighbour, and he on to the next, until it had gone the whole round.

A hush of expectation now fell on the assembled guests as a graceful youth, with long, flowing locks, rose from his seat, and, taking up a golden harp, struck a few deep chords, and broke into song. He sang of all the wonders of earth and sky, of the wandering moon and the labours of the sun, of the planets and the stars; then, changing his theme from nature to man, he told of the tragedy and mystery of human fate.

“Well done, Iopas,” said Dido as the poet resumed his seat; “thou hast awakened in us a higher mood, and prepared us for another strain, more fraught with living passion than thine. Come, royal guest,” she continued, turning to Æneas; “let his song serve as a prelude to the story of thy wanderings and all the tale of Troy’s long agony. Ten years thou hast fought, and seven years thou hast roved the seas; be thou our bard to-night, and tell us the great things which thou hast seen and done.”

Then all night long that great company sat spell-bound, listening to the wondrous history; but, above all, Dido hung upon the lips of the speaker, and sat with eyes and ears entranced, gazing her soul away.

Dido and Æneas

I

CUPID has played out his cruel jest, and retired, giving place to the real Iulus. But he has left his sting behind him, and the sweet venom works mightily in the blood of the love-stricken Queen. Night and day she hears but one voice, sees but one image: the noble presence of Æneas, his valour, his eloquence, his sufferings, have filled up her whole being, and leave no room for any other thought.

Fevered and restless she seeks comfort and counsel of her sister Anna, who followed her when she fled from Tyre, and enjoys her full confidence. It is the first chill hour of dawn, and Anna awakens to find the distracted Queen standing, with hair unbound and haggard eyes, at her bedside. "I cannot sleep," says Dido, answering her sister's wondering looks. "Surely some god has sought the shelter of my roof; no mortal man could have thus usurped the empire of my soul. Had I not sworn to end my days in widowhood, from the day when a foul and felon blow struck down my girlhood's love, and marriage became a thing of horror

to me, then perhaps I might have yielded to this weakness. Yes, Anna, I confess it ; this man has touched my heart—Sychæus has given place to Æneas. But I will not yield ; perish the thought ! May the earth open her mouth, and swallow me up, may I wander, a pale ghost, among the nether shades, in the black realm of the dead, before ever I prove unfaithful to the memory of my first love." A flood of tears now came to her relief, and she lay sobbing in her sister's arms.

"O dearer than my life," replied Anna, "why shouldst thou wither alone in the first bloom of thy youth, and renounce all the joys of a mother and wife ? Wilt thou remain wedded to a ghost all the days of thy life, and bury thy heart in the grave of him thou hast lost ? Thou hast already spurned many a rich and powerful suitor among the princes of this land, and raised up enemies on all sides, who threaten thy rising kingdom with destruction. But when both policy and inclination urge thee on, wilt thou still resist, for the sake of a shadow ? Surely it was Juno herself who made the breeze to blow which brought the Trojan ships to our shores. Wedded to this great Prince, and reinforced by the swords of his veterans, what mayest thou not hope to achieve ? What power on earth can stand against such an alliance ? Only keep him here as thy guest through the winter, and let time do its work ; methinks that when spring begins he will have forgotten the very name of Italy."

By these arguments Dido's last scruples are removed ; she struggles no more against her feelings, but drifts passive with the tide. First, she summons prophet and priest, and invokes all their art to explore the will of Heaven. From all the temples of Carthage the smoke of sacrifice ascends, and prayers are addressed to Ceres and Bacchus and Apollo, but above all to Juno, the goddess who presides over marriage. Dido herself takes the lead in the solemn rites ; now she is seen pouring the wine between the horns of a white heifer, now stooping over the quivering vitals of a slaughtered victim, seeking for a sign. Vain labour, and vainer quest ! Neither prophet nor seer nor sacrifice can help her in her need. She herself is a victim, a pierced spirit, and she wanders from street to street, from temple to temple, like some stricken deer, wounded in ignorance with a random shaft from the bow of a roving shepherd. Sometimes she leads Æneas through the town, and boasts to him of its greatness and wealth ; sometimes she lingers by his side after the evening banquet, while at her request he tells all the tale of Troy again and again. When he speaks his words thrill her like music ; when she would address him her voice falters, and utterance fails her. Everything that he has touched—the couch where he sat, the book which he has handled—has a charm in her eyes, and she smothers Iulus, his living likeness, with caresses. Meanwhile all public duties and princely cares are

forgotten ; the sounds of labour are heard no more in the city ; and the Tyrians, no longer watched by the eye of their Queen, leave docks and walls and buildings half finished, and give themselves up to idle holiday.

II

Juno had been watching the progress of the plot contrived by Venus and her son, and she now resolved to work out their design for her own ends. Having waited for a favourable moment she went to Venus, and thus opened her attack : “ You are making a generous use of your powers, you and your son, are you not, in seeking to triumph over the weakness of a defenceless woman ? I know that you are jealous of my loved city, Carthage ; but why cannot we be friends, and work together for the same great end ? Dido is ready to make any sacrifice for *Æneas* ; then let them wed, let Tyrians and Trojans be one people, and Carthage bow her head to a Phrygian¹ lord.”

Venus was at least equal to her rival in craft. She at once saw through her purpose, which was to lay the seat of empire in Africa instead of in Italy, and, matching guile with guile, she pretended to accept Juno’s proposal. “ I should be mad,” she declared, “ if I declined so fair a scheme ; but will Jupiter consent to the union of the races ? ”

¹ Another name for “ Trojan,” with a touch of contempt.

"That shall be my care," answered Juno, with a smile; "only let me be assured of thy consent, and I will arrange all the rest." "Thou hast my word," said Venus. And so the fatal compact was sealed.

At sunrise next day a glittering troop of Tyrian nobles stood waiting before the gates of Dido's palace, and a snow-white palfrey, with housings of purple and gold, was held ready by the royal grooms; for a great hunt had been planned, in which all the chivalry of Troy and Carthage were to take part. For days before hosts of beaters had been at work, gradually driving the game towards one centre, and last evening the chief huntsman sent word to say that all was ready.

She comes at last, that proud Eastern beauty, arrayed with Oriental splendour in the choicest tissue from the looms of Sidon, and by her side moves Æneas, radiant as the young Apollo when he visits his native Delos in the spring.

Then, amid the deep baying of bloodhounds and the shouts of the huntsmen, that joyous company rides forth with jest and laughter through the city gates, across the sandy plan, and deep into the forest's solemn shade. They reach a spacious valley surrounded by wooded hills; and soon a great herd of deer comes thundering down the slope, driven from their covert by a clamorous multitude of beaters. The work of slaughter begins, and foremost among the hunters rides the young

Iulus, mounted on a fiery Arab ; but he speedily grows weary of slaying these panic-stricken and helpless creatures, and longs to match his prowess against a foaming boar or bearded lion.

The day was beginning to decline towards afternoon, and the sport was still at its height, when low mutterings were heard among the hills, and a storm burst with tropical suddenness and violence over the valley. There was a general rush for shelter ; and Æneas, who had never left the side of Dido, sought refuge with her in a neighbouring cave. In the heat of the chase they had been parted from the rest of the company, and when they reached the cavern they were still alone. Awhile they sat silent, hand-in-hand, and eye spoke to eye with the dumb rhetoric of passion ; then the fatal word was uttered, and while the tempest roared and the lightning flashed two hearts were made one.

III

Dido has given all to Æneas—her sceptre, her city, herself ; he is her dear lord, her husband, her king, and the treasures of Tyre are squandered to celebrate their nuptials. All through the winter she keeps her honeymoon, with feasting and revelry ; and Juno's triumph seems complete.

But meanwhile Rumour has been busy with her name—Rumour, that sleepless demon, born of a

whisper, and nursed in fear, fluttering timidly, while she is still young, in dark places, and muttering low ; but soon (strange transformation !) that callow weakling becomes a gigantic monster, with vast wings shadowing the sky, all ear, all eye, all tongue, filling the earth with the terror of her presence. She it was who buzzed abroad the tale of Dido's union with the Trojan exile, and loud complaints arose among the native princes of Africa who had sought the honour of her hand.

Foremost among these was Iarbas, monarch of a vast realm beyond the desert, who boasted of his descent from Ammon,¹ and maintained the worship of his divine ancestor in a hundred temples with lavish magnificence. When he learnt how a nameless stranger (for such he deemed Æneas) had been preferred to himself he went in state to the temple where he was accustomed to worship, and, lifting up his hands to Jove, gave voice to his indignation thus : " Art thou a god indeed, thou to whom we pour the drink-offering and adore with the sweet savour of burnt sacrifice ? Or is it but an empty name which we pronounce in our prayers ? Hast thou seen how this woman, who came as a beggar to our gates, and implored a scanty footing at the threshold of our kingdom, has spurned the grace which we designed for her,

¹ An African deity, identified by the Greeks and Romans with Jupiter.

and taken this perfumed minion of Phrygia to her kingdom and her home ? ”

His words did not fall to the ground ; Jupiter heard his complaint, and, summoning Mercury, despatched him with a message to Æneas. “ It was with other hopes than these,” said Jupiter, “ that we saved him from the sword of Diomedes and Achilles at Troy. His destiny calls him to other lands, and he may not linger any more in Africa. If he has no ambition for himself, bid him take thought for Iulus, his son, and the duty he owes to posterity. But one word is enough : he must go—it is my will.”

Straightway Mercury prepared to obey his father’s command. First, he bound on his feet the golden-winged sandals, which bear him, swift as the winds, over earth and sea ; then he took his magic wand, with which he marshals the pale ghosts of the dead on their way to Orcus or guides them back to earth—that wand whose touch awakens the sleeper or gives to the weary watcher the blessed gift of sleep. Floating through a sea of clouds he soon came to the snowy peak of Atlas. There he stood for a moment, poised like a diver, then hurled himself downward, a thousand fathoms deep, to the blue Mediterranean, and skimming the tops of the waves, like a sea-gull, reached the shores at Carthage.

He found Æneas giving orders to a host of builders, carpenters, and masons, who had recently

resumed their interrupted labours. The famous warrior was strangely transformed, arrayed like an Oriental potentate in flowing robes of Tyrian purple, and girt with a jewelled scimitar, a gift from Dido's own hands. Thus disguised, absorbed in his new interests, and forgetful of the very name of Italy, he suddenly felt a light touch on his shoulder, and a mysterious voice whispered in his ear: "Awake, Æneas, awake! Throw off this spell which keeps thee here in an alien land, building houses where thou and thine can never dwell, basely enthralled by a woman's smile. Thy fate calls thee hence, duty calls thee, affection calls thee, and Jove himself bids thee go. Up, then, and away, or thy guilty dream shall be broken by a more fearful summons."

A strange light shone before the eyes of Æneas, and for a moment the youthful form of the god was revealed to him, robed in immortal beauty; he heard a sound as of rushing wings, and a moment after he was standing alone in the sunlight, while his mortal flesh shuddered, and his ears still tingled to the tones of that celestial voice. He felt like a man who has long lain drugged with the fumes of poppy, and then been roused by a sudden shock from that voluptuous trance. All his old ambitions were reawakened, and his late hopes now seemed poor and unworthy. But how to approach the Queen? How break the strong tie of gratitude and affection which bound him to her? It was a

cruel dilemma, and for a long while his mind was stretched on the rack of painful thought. But one thing remained clear after all his anxious meditations : at any cost he must obey the divine command.

Arming himself with resolution he summoned the most faithful of his followers, and despatched them to the camp of the Trojans, with orders to prepare everything, with as little noise as possible, for a hasty flight. When they were gone he turned his steps slowly towards the palace, pondering on the way how he might best break the news to the unhappy Queen.

But love sharpens the eyes and quickens the senses to the faintest shadow of suspicion. Some whisper reached the ears of Dido of the preparations going forward among the Trojans, and the hint was sufficient to inflame her with jealous fury. Like a wild mænad she went wandering through the city, and, meeting Æneas, assailed him with a storm of reproaches : “ Thou traitor ! thinkest thou to hide from me thy villainous purpose, and leave me without a word ? Can no ties hold thee—not the love which I gave thee, nor thy own sworn pledges, nor my death, which will ensue at once on thy desertion ? Am I thine enemy that thou bravest even the storms of winter to escape from my sight ? Oh, leave me not thus ! ” she cried with a sudden burst of tenderness. “ Leave me not thus to die ; I conjure thee, by all that I have done,

by all that I have suffered, for thee. For thy sake I have incurred the enmity of my subjects and raised up a host of foes among the princes of Libya. Wilt thou be my ruin—thou, my friend, my lover, my husband? Why dost thou shake thy head? My guest, then, whom I saved from destruction. Ah! had I but known a mother's joy, were there only some little face to gladden my widowed eyes, and the sound of childish feet to break the silence of my empty home, I should not then have felt utterly betrayed and forlorn."

Sharp were the pangs which pierced the heart of Æneas as he listened to those despairing accents and saw that proud lady gazing at him with hands clasped in an agony of supplication. But he durst not give way to the flood of tenderness which swelled within his breast, and the strong effort which he made to master his feelings made his answer seem cold and harsh. "Thou hast dilated at great length on thy services to me, fair Queen, and I cannot deny that I owe thee much. Think not that it was my intention, as thou sayest, to steal away from Carthage in silence; believe me, I had no such thought. Whatever hopes, whatever dreams, I had are now frustrated by the stern commands of Heaven. I am summoned by many clear signs to found a new realm in Italy. Night after night the angry spirit of my father haunts my dreams, and beckons me away. Apollo has spoken from his shrine, and pointed out my path;

and Jove himself has sent his own messenger—with these eyes I saw him, and heard his voice with these ears—bearing the same command : *To Italy, to Italy*. Cease, then, to harrow me and thyself with vain reproaches ; I am but the blind instrument of fate.”

Æneas made his defence haltingly, with downcast face, avoiding Dido's gaze, and as he concluded he glanced upward to note the effect of his words. It was a fearful picture which he saw : with rolling eyes, which seemed to burn into his heart, there stood the Queen, dilating with scorn and rage, like a tigress in act to spring. “ Thou villain ! ” she burst forth, making one step towards him, with her hand raised in menace, “ no goddess was thy mother, no royal blood is thine—thou wast born of the rocks and nursed by a wild beast. What, not a tear, not a sigh, not a word of sorrow for the ruin which thou hast wrought ? What cruelty was ever like this ? Dread Sire of gods, and thou, great Queen of Heaven, can ye suffer such things to be ? Behold this ingrate, whom I found cast away on my shores, a helpless, shipwrecked beggar, and raised up to be the partner of my throne ! ” She paused, and stood for a moment with clasped hands, and eyes fixed in wild appeal on the unanswering sky ; then : “ Thou hypocrite ! ” she cried again, “ dost thou come to me with thy tales of dreams and oracles and messages from Heaven ? What care the gods for

a thing like thee ? Begone ; rid me of the sight of thy lying face ; pursue thy phantom city over the waves. If there be justice left in heaven, my vengeance shall dog thee on the deep ; and in that last, bitter hour, when the dark waters close over thy head, thou wilt think of her whom thou hast robbed and betrayed."

With heavy heart, full of sorrow and dark foreboding, Æneas made his way slowly to the part of the shore where his ships were stationed. It was a cheerful and busy scene which met his eyes. The Trojans were weary of their long inactivity, and the message from their leader had come as a welcome relief. As Æneas reached the summit of the steep cliff which commanded the harbour he saw the sailors swarming like ants on the shore below. Already part of the ships were afloat at their moorings ; and on the arrival of Æneas his men redoubled their exertions, so that before long all was ready.

IV

After her terrible interview with Æneas, Dido had been carried fainting to her palace, where she lay for some hours in a state of utter exhaustion. When she had somewhat recovered she called her sister, and, leaning on her arm, ascended a lofty tower which afforded a view as far as the distant harbour. A mood of pensive tenderness had suc-

ceeded to the wild storm of passion which was the first effect of her desertion by *Æneas*. "Look, Anna," she said, pointing to the bay, where the Trojans were already beginning to hoist their sails. "Nay, fear not for me," she added, as Anna, seeing her stagger slightly, hastened to her support; "I have learnt my lesson—I can bear my burden now that I know the worst. Let him go, if go he must; only let him not leave me like this, flying from me in the midst of winter, as if I were his bitterest foe. Let him wait for soft gales and smooth seas; and meanwhile he shall abide with us, until I have schooled my poor heart to send him away in love and peace. Go, carry my message, Anna; thou wast ever his friend, to whom he was wont to open all his heart, and perhaps he will listen to thee."

Anna departed on her sad errand; and again, and yet again, she travelled the same road, and pleaded her sister's cause; for the wind had changed, and the fleet still lay at anchor in the bay. But neither tears nor entreaties could move the heart of *Æneas*; his heart was torn by the struggle, but his mind remained inflexible, like an oak rooted in the mountain-side, whose boughs are shattered by the tempest.

Thus cut off from her last hope Dido gave herself up to despair. Wherever she went a shadowy shape seemed to follow her and a ghostly footstep struck upon her ears. She was haunted by sights

and sounds of horror : once, in the midst of a sacrifice, when she took in her hand the bowl containing the drink-offering, she saw the wine changed into a reeking pool of blood. Within her palace there was a marble shrine, sacred to the memory of her murdered husband : here, in the darkest, stillest hour of night, she heard the voice of Sychæus calling her name ; and when the sound ceased it was answered by the long, moaning cry of an owl, flitting like a ghost through the empty courts of the palace. In her dreams she was pursued by the angry form of Æneas, or she seemed to be wandering forlorn in a desert place, seeking for the Trojans. And so the black hours wore slowly away, peopled by a thousand charnel fancies, and the weary night gave place to the weary day.

As she passed through this fiery ordeal a desperate resolve slowly ripened in the mind of the tortured Queen ; and when her purpose was fixed she sent for her sister, and, assuming an appearance of calmness, told her that she had found a way to recover the affection of Æneas, or at least to quench the fatal fire which was consuming her own heart. " There is a spell," she said, " which was taught me by a mighty enchantress—a sovereign spell for unhappy lovers, with power to bind and to loose. But before the charm will work there are certain rites to be performed, and thou canst aid me in this work of redemption. I must raise a great

pyre in the central court of the palace, lay on it every relic of that accursed man—the arms and raiment which he left, and the bed on which he slept,—and burn them to ashes. This is the first step, and I ask thee to see that it is taken.”

Anna readily undertook the charge, little suspecting for whom the funeral pyre was destined. All hands were set to work, and soon a vast structure of wood rose in the open courtyard round which the palace was built. A waxen image of Æneas was prepared, and Dido herself helped to lay it, with the raiment left behind by her faithless lover, on the summit of the pile. Then solemn sacrifice was offered to the dark and awful powers who reign in the shadowy underworld—to Erebus and Chaos and Hecate ; and Dido, with her girdle unbound, and one sandal unlaced, sought by magic spells to lay the guilt of her death on her lover's head.

V

Carthage lies sleeping beneath the silent stars ; land and sea, with all their living inmates, confess the sacred influence of the hour ; only the hapless Dido finds no repose, no respite from the storm which rages within her. Thought, pitiless thought, besieges her pillow ; sorrow summons all his hosts, and clamours importunate in her ears. “ Friendless, ah ! friendless,” she moans, “ forsaken and

forlorn ! I have lavished all the treasure of my heart, and am paid back with foul ingratitude. To whom can I turn for succour ? Shall I go back like a beggar to the suitors whom I have scorned, and offer the ruins of my life to one of them ? Shall I brave every indignity, and implore Æneas to take me with him as his slave—I, the Queen of Carthage, and the daughter of princes ? Or shall I man all my ships, and take my people with me to share his exile ? Dreams—foolish dreams ! There is now but one way open to me—through the dark gates of death. Ah ! my sister, little didst thou think whither thou wast leading me by thy fatal counsel. Why could I not have lived, innocent and free, like some wild creature of the woods, unloving and unloved ? Why did I break the faith which I vowed to my buried husband, Sychæus ? ”

Thus all through the night she lay sleepless, nursing her misery ; and when day broke she climbed once more the lofty tower, and gazed out upon the sea. Far out upon the waters, looking pale and ghostly in the dim morning light, was seen the fleet of Æneas, making all sail for the north. Then the last shadow of hope vanished from Dido's heart ; she tore her hair, and beat her breast, with cries of impotent rage and pain. “ Am I to be thus abandoned, flouted, and scorned,” she exclaimed—“ and unavenged ? To arms, to arms ! Launch my fleet ; give chase ;

burn, sink, and destroy them ! Alas ! fool that I am, what avails this passion now ? My eyes are opened too late. O perjured, perjured villain ! suckled in treason, like all the brood of Priam. But no, this is the pious Prince, the paragon of filial affection, the chosen vessel, filled to the brim with Heaven's peculiar grace. Would that I had torn him limb from limb, and scattered the fragments on the waves ! Would that I had slain his darling son, and feasted the pious father on the flesh of his child ! Would that I had burnt his fleet to ashes, and butchered all his crew ! Fire, havoc, and slaughter—these were a fit entertainment for him."

Then, having shot all her shafts of rage and scorn, she rises to a grander mood, and, lifting up her hands to heaven, stands like a Pythoness prophesying woe. "Witness, all-seeing eye of day," she cries, "who surveyest all the deeds that are done on earth ; witness, high Queen of Heaven, holder and guardian of the sacred bond of marriage ; and witness, ye dark and awful powers, in whose keeping is the unwritten law of conscience ; draw near, and set your seal on Dido's dying prayer. If it is fixed beyond repeal that this detested villain shall reach the haven to which he is bound, yet may he be welcomed at the point of the sword ; may he wander in peril, seeking aid, torn from the embrace of Iulus ; may he see his men falling fast around him ; and when at last he

has bought peace with dishonour and disaster, may he die untimely, and lie exposed in the wilderness, without a friend to close his eyes. And you, ye Tyrians, I charge to pursue the whole coming race of the Trojans with hate ; be this the tribute which ye pay to my ashes, that there be neither league nor love between Trojan and Tyrian. Arise, some avenger from my bones, now or hereafter, to harry these exiles of Asia with fire and sword ! Let there be enmity between Italy and Africa—shores against shores, waves against waves, arms against arms—until the end of time.”

“ And now,” she murmured as she descended to the palace courtyard, “ there is but one thing left to be done.” Summoning an aged handmaid she sent her with a message to her sister. “ It is time,” she said, “ to complete the sacrifice which we began yesterday, and break the last tie which bound me to that false Trojan. Bid my sister bring the victims and prepare herself for the final rites.”

The old woman hobbled away on her errand ; and Dido, with her eyes rolling wildly, and a hectic spot burning on each haggard cheek, climbed with feverish haste to the top of the pyre, and drew from its sheath the sword which she had begged as a keepsake from Æneas. When she saw the raiment and other relics which she knew so well she paused a while to weep and to think, and, pressing her lips on the couch, uttered her last

words: "Sweet memorials, while fate and Heaven allowed, farewell. I have lived, and accomplished the work which fate gave me to do. I have built a glorious city and avenged my husband's death; and now I must pass into the land of shadows—happy, ah! too happy, if only the Trojan keels had never touched my shore." Then, kissing the couch once more, "Must I die unavenged?" she murmured. "Yes; unavenged let me die. Thus, thus I cut the knot which joined my heart to his, and the flames of my funeral fire shall light him on his way." As her last words were spoken the sword plunged deep, and she drew it forth, and struck again.

Her dying groans were heard by an attendant; and soon the courtyard was filled with a crowd of terrified women, and the whole palace rang with cries of dismay. In the midst of the confusion Anna, who had been occupied in a remote part of the building, forced her way through the huddled group of wailing maidens, and ascending the pyre caught her sister's sinking form in her arms. "Ah, cruel, cruel!" she sobbed, trying to stanch the blood with her robe, "to deceive me thus. Thou wast the victim for whom all this pomp was prepared."

Half conscious of her sister's presence, Dido raised her heavy eyes, and sank them again with a moan. Long and painful was her death struggle, until Juno, in pity, sent down Iris from heaven to



"The Sword plunged deep"

By permission of Mr. Frederick Hollyer

set free the tortured soul from its fleshly prison. Iris came gliding on her rainbow wings, and, alighting by the dying woman's side, swiftly severed a lock of hair from her forehead, and said :
“ This tribute I take, due to the Lord of Hades, who now grants thee entrance into thy last rest.”
And in that very moment the life left her struggling body and mingled with the winds.

The Funeral Games

I

ON the night when Dido was keeping her last sorrowful vigil Æneas lay sleeping on the deck of his galley, having made all things ready for a start next day. But in his dreams he saw the youthful form of Mercury standing by him, perfect in grace and beauty, and heard these warning words: "Canst thou sleep, Æneas, on the very brink of peril? Away, fly from this coast, before thy path is beset with sword and brand. A woman's heart is a fickle and slippery thing."

Æneas started from his couch in affright, and cried to his men: "Up, comrades; take your oars, and let us begone. A second time I have heard the voice of a god, and again the word is *Fly!*" And, drawing his sword, he cut the rope which moored his vessel to the shore. Swiftly the benches were manned, the calm waters eddied and roared under their sturdy strokes, and the whole fleet, urged by one impulse, swept out to sea.

The wind blew fair, and the towers of Carthage were already sinking beneath the horizon, when

a great column of smoke shot up from the direction of Carthage, chequered by tongues of fire. It was the funeral pyre on which Dido's body was burning ; but the Trojans knew not this, and thinking that perhaps it was a signal to summon the Tyrian fleet for pursuit they redoubled their efforts, until the smoke column dwindled to a speck, and vanished, and nothing remained in view but sea and sky.

Meanwhile the wind had shifted to the north, the sky became overcast, and the waves grew black and threatening. Palinurus, the captain of the royal vessel, after anxiously scrutinising the signs of the weather, came to Æneas, and said : " My lord, if Jupiter himself were my warrant, I could not hope to reach Italy in this wind. Everything forebodes a storm, and my counsel is that we run for shelter to the friendly harbour of Eryx, on the north coast of Sicily, where we are sure of a brotherly welcome. It is close at hand, unless my seamanship is at fault."

Æneas was well disposed on all accounts to take the advice of his pilot ; for Eryx was a Trojan settlement, which they had already visited on their voyage from Epirus ; and here too his father Anchises had found his last resting-place. Accordingly the order was given, and, running before the wind, they soon reached the shelter of the high cliffs which guarded the harbour of Eryx.

As they approached the shore they saw a

stalwart warrior standing ready to receive them, grimly attired in a bearskin, and bristling with weapons. "It is my old friend Acestes," said Æneas, with a smile, "whose heart is as kind as his aspect is threatening." True to this description of his character, Acestes hails his wandering countrymen with a hearty greeting, and entertains them with princely hospitality.

Next day was the anniversary of the death of Anchises, which was celebrated by Æneas and his men with splendid pomp, and offerings of blood and wine and milk at the tomb. When all rites had been duly paid Æneas made proclamation of a great series of games, to be held on the ninth day following, and invited all the subjects of Acestes to take part with the Trojans in the friendly contest.

On the day appointed a vast multitude assembled, and took their station on the cliffs to witness the first event, in which four of the Trojan galleys were to race to a rocky island, some distance from the shore, and back again to the mainland. The crews of the vessels—the *Pristis*, the *Chimæra*, the *Centaur*, and the *Scylla*—were mustered in their places; and the captains, brave in their purple uniforms, stood conspicuous on the after-decks, glancing critically at their brawny crews, who sat, stripped to the waist, grasping their oars, and waiting for the signal.

There was a breathless pause, then a loud blast

from a trumpet rang out for the start, and the four galleys darted out with level prows for the open sea, while a tremendous roar went up from the host of spectators who thronged the cliffs. "She leads—the *Chimæra* has the lead!" is the cry; and, in fact, the *Chimæra*, under her captain, Gyas, is forging ahead. She is a galley of the largest size, and built for speed. Next comes the *Scylla*, with her crew rowing powerfully and splendidly together; but she is broad in the beam, and a slow traveller. The third place is keenly contested between the *Pristis*¹ and the *Centaur*, whose figureheads may be seen alternately passing and repassing each other, and then again racing neck and neck.

The rocky island draws nearer and nearer, and they can see the green bough of ilex, placed there by order of Æneas, waving in the wind. The *Chimæra* is still leading, and Gyas, her captain, calls to his helmsman. "Keep closer," he orders; "you are steering too wide; let the oars graze the rocks on the port side." But the cautious old seaman shakes his head, and steers in a wide curve, fearing the shoal water near the island. Close behind looms the tall prow of the *Scylla*, and they can hear the water hissing and foaming round her cutwater. "They are gaining!" shouts Gyas; and even as he speaks the huge galley, steered by a bold and skilful hand, takes the inside place,

¹ Shark.

sweeps round the island, and gaining deep water, rushes triumphantly forward, bound for the shore. This was too much for the excitable Gyas ; with tears of rage and grief he sprang upon the helmsman, and, snatching the tiller from his hand, with one vigorous thrust he flung the too cautious veteran into the sea. Presently a grey head emerged from the water, and the old man was seen swimming slowly towards the rocks, which he reached not without difficulty, and sat down with dripping garments and rueful countenance, gasping, and spitting out the brine. " Now give way, my men," cried Gyas, putting the helm hard down, as so to bring the galley round to the very edge of the rocks.

Meanwhile Mnestheus in the *Pristis*, and Sergestus in the *Centaur*, were still rowing a keen race, and as they neared the turning-point the *Centaur* was leading by half-a-length. Seeing the wild steering of the *Chimæra*, which was yawing and losing way under the unskilful hand of Gyas, Mnestheus strode up and down the gangway, calling loudly to his crew : " Now show your mettle, my braves ! Ye who have fought at Hector's side, and defied a thousand perils on land and sea, save your captain from the dishonour of coming in last." His men respond gallantly to the call ; the huge hull of the *Pristis* trembles under their mighty strokes, and the white wake boils and foams behind them. And as they strain and tug at their

ponderous oars, with parched throats and heaving chests, suddenly a loud crash announces that fortune has come to their aid ; for the *Centaur*, taking the curve too short, has stuck fast on a projecting ridge, and hangs, with shattered prow and broken oars, on the rocks. While the crew are busy with long poles, trying to get her off, the rival *Pristis* sweeps triumphantly past her, clears the dangerous shallows, and enters deep water again, homeward bound. And first she passes the *Chimæra*, who has lost her helmsman, and cannot keep a straight course ; then hard after the *Scylla* she flies, and seems gaining on her with every stroke.

Nearer and nearer creeps the *Pristis* ; louder and louder grow the shouts of the waiting multitude on the shore, whose feelings have been wound up to the wildest excitement by the sudden changes of fortune and the startling incidents of this memorable race. Already the prow of the *Pristis* is overlapping the stern of the *Scylla*, when a sudden fury seems to enter into the crew of the leading vessel, and, as if thrust forward from below by a giant's hand, she makes a great bound in advance of her pursuer, and gains the harbour.

The race was over, and the victorious captains, crowned with laurel, were flaunting their honours proudly before their admiring comrades. Cloanthus, the captain of the *Scylla*, received as first prize a rich mantle, with a double waving border

of Tyrian purple, on which was embroidered the story of the rape of Ganymede—a living picture, showing the lovely boy, seized in the midst of his woodland sports, and borne skyward in the talons of a gigantic eagle ; while below him were seen his dogs, leaping and baying in wild excitement, and a group of aged attendants, with hands uplifted, and lips parted in speechless dismay.

A hundred eyes were curiously scanning this rare device when a loud laugh from the crowd on the shore announced the return of the unlucky *Centaur*. Like a wounded snake, crushed by the wheel of a passing waggon, she came crawling slowly through the harbour mouth, and landed her crestfallen crew, among whom was Menœtes, the *Chimæra*'s helmsman, still damp from his involuntary bath.

II

Æneas now led the way to a level, grassy plain, surrounded by hills, and displayed the prizes for the next event, which was the foot race. Every competitor was to receive two arrows, the choice workmanship of Cretan armourers, and a battle-axe chased with silver ; and besides these three special prizes were offered — a war horse, splendidly caparisoned, for the first ; a quiver of Thracian arrows, with a rich baldric of gold work fastened by a jewelled buckle, for the second ; and

for the third a helmet won in battle from the Greeks.

Quite a crowd of runners assembled at the starting-place ; and conspicuous among them was seen Euryalus, a boy of great beauty, and Nisus, his friend, who loved him as a father. The long line was brought level, the signal was given, and away they went, Nisus taking the lead, followed at a long interval by Salius, a youth of Greek descent. Euryalus, again at some distance, held the third place ; and after him came Helymus, a Sicilian, hotly pursued by Diores, a Trojan of the royal race of Priam.

Nisus, still keeping the lead, was already within sight of the goal, when he unwarily trod on a muddy place, wet with the blood of oxen which had been offered in the late sacrifice. He stumbled, reeled, recovered himself, and then fell headlong in the mire. But even at that moment he did not forget his friend Euryalus, but, staggering to his feet, flung himself in the way of Salius as he came up, and both rolled together on the ground. The field was thus left open for Euryalus, who flew past the winning-post an easy victor, amidst a thunder of applause, for his youth and beauty had won all hearts. Helymus came in second, and Diores third.

Æneas was engaged in bestowing the prizes on the three winners, as the custom was, at the conclusion of the race, when Salius came up, and

began to stun the ears of the judges with his complaints. "The first prize is mine," he protested, laying his hand on the bridle of the horse, in spite of the tearful remonstrances of Euryalus and the loud clamour of Diores, who saw himself threatened with the loss of his prize. The dispute was stopped by the authority of Æneas, and the ruffled Salius was soothed by the gift of a magnificent lion-skin with gilded claws. Hereupon Nisus came limping up, daubed from head to foot with mud. "If you pity the fallen," said he to Æneas, "what am I to have as a consolation prize?" Æneas smiled graciously at the rueful figure of Nisus, and presented him with a shield, richly chased by a Grecian artist; and thus both winners and losers were sent away happy and satisfied.

III

A young bull, with gilded horns, and a fine sword and helmet, were next displayed, as prizes for the boxing match. This was a terrible and murderous struggle, fraught with peril to life and limb; for the boxers fought with their hands encased in gloves of hard leather, often weighted with iron and lead, called the *cæstus*. One champion alone appeared ready to bear his part in this heroic sport; he was a Trojan named Dares, and the son of the famous boxer Amycus, who had been killed by Pollux during the voyage of the Argonauts.

The fame of Dares was well known among his comrades, and no one seemed inclined to dispute his supremacy in the ring. Accordingly Dares, who had been showing off his muscle before the crowd, and dealing tremendous buffets to an imaginary antagonist, strutted up to Æneas, and, laying his hand on the bull, claimed him as his lawful prize.

But he was not to be allowed to triumph so easily. Among the spectators there stood a man already advanced in years, but of gigantic stature and massive build. Acestes, who was standing near him, now addressed him in terms of reproach : " Entellus, wilt thou suffer this braggart to carry off the prize without a blow ? Hast thou forgotten thy divine master, Eryx ? Or fearest thou the face of this blustering bully ? " " I fear no man," answered Entellus ; " but I am old, and my joints are stiff, while that fellow is young and lusty. The greedy knave, he cares for nothing but the prize ! What do you think of these ? " he cried, stepping into the ring, and flinging down a ponderous pair of *cæstus* of tough bull's hide, stiffened with lead and iron. Dares recoiled at the sight of these frightful weapons, and refused to face an opponent armed in such fashion. " What would you have thought if you had seen the gauntlets with which Hercules fought ? " asked Entellus, turning to Æneas, who had picked up the formidable gloves, and was examining them with amazement.

“These which you see were worn by your brother Eryx when he stood up against Hercules. But I will take no advantage; lend me another pair, and we will fight with equal weapons.”

The change was made, Entellus stripped, and took up his station in the middle of the arena confronting Dares, who, powerful as he was, looked a mere stripling as he faced the athletic veteran. Then the boxers raised themselves to their full height, with heads drawn back, and the battle began. Dares was far superior in speed and agility, while Entellus, who could have crushed him in his arms, was slow on his feet, and short of wind. There was a rapid interchange of blows, and the air rang with the clatter of the hard gauntlets, as Dares manœuvred nimbly round his huge antagonist, who stood rooted like an oak in his place, parrying the blows. Suddenly Entellus saw an opening, and put in a heavy stroke, with all the force of his ponderous right arm. Dares stepped lightly aside, and Entellus, carried forward by the impetus of his own blow, lost his balance, and came down with a sounding thud on the turf. A shout of mingled triumph and dismay greeted the fall of the Sicilian champion, and his friends rushed forward to help him to his feet.

But, neither dulled nor dismayed by his fall, that mighty man returns keener to the battle, and kindles strength with rage. All the vigour of his

youth comes back to him, and he chases Dares headlong round and round the ring, now with his right hand raining blows, now with his giant left. No rest, no pause ; like hailstones rattling on the roof, so shower the strokes of those iron hands on the head of the hapless Dares. At last Æneas interposed, and stopped the unequal combat. Dares was borne, shattered and fainting, from the ring, and Entellus, crowned with the victor's wreath, took possession of the bull. "Now mark," he said, "Æneas, and learn, ye Trojans, what force was in this arm in the days of my prime, and what death Dares has escaped." Saying this, he planted himself firmly in front of the bull, and slowly drawing back his gauntleted fist poised it like a club, and dashed it with all his force between the horns of the beast. The skull was splintered as if by a sledge-hammer, and prostrate, lifeless, quivering, on earth lay the bull. "That was the blow which I designed for Dares," said the giant, "but the bull is a worthier sacrifice to the shade of my master Eryx. I have fought my last round, and now I will hang up my gauntlets in his shrine."

IV

"Now, gallant archers, try your skill," said Æneas, pointing to a tall mast, which had been set up in the middle of the plain, with a dove fluttering above it fastened by the leg with a

slender cord. Lots were drawn to determine the order of shooting, and the archers, among whom were Mnestheus, winner of the third prize in the boat race, Eurytion, brother of the famous Pandarus, and the aged Acestes, took up their stations. The first arrow struck the mast. Then Mnestheus, who had drawn the second place, took steady aim, but, missing the bird, chanced to sever the cord which bound her to the mast ; up flew the dove, and remained hovering in the air above their heads. Eurytion now raised his bow high above his head, and, calling on his brother's name, sent an arrow straight into the air, and brought down the bird, just as she was preparing for a distant flight.

“ You have left me no mark to aim at, ” said Acestes ; “ but see, there is vigour left still in these old arms of mine.” And he drew his arrow to the head, and sent an arrow whizzing towards the cloud. Then followed a strange portent, which kept all the prophets busy for many a day ; for as they watched the flying shaft, it burst into flames, and, shooting across the sky with a trail of light, burnt away, and vanished from view like a meteor in the nights of winter. “ Hail, fiery messenger of Heaven's will ! ” cried Acestes joyfully. “ And hail to thee, father and friend ! ” repeated Æneas, grasping his hand. “ Thine was the best shot of all, and I will bestow on thee a gift of honour, since by thy hand was wrought this wonder, and Jove himself has blessed thine archery.” And he gave him a silver gob-

let, embossed with choice designs, which was a treasured heirloom in his family.

The great multitude now stood hushed in expectation, for the most brilliant event of the day was reserved to the last. As soon as the arena was cleared Æneas gave a sign to Epytides, the faithful guardian and companion of the young Iulus; and presently a murmur arose on the outskirts of the crowd, swelling to a great shout, as a troop of youthful horsemen rode into the arena in three divisions. In each division were twelve boys, all armed with javelins, all crowned with olive wreaths, and all wearing chains of gold. At the head of each band rode its boyish captain. First was seen the son of Polites, named after his grandsire Priam, mounted on a brave chestnut with white markings on forehead and fore hoof; then followed the second line, led by Atys, whose name descended to a noble Roman house—little Atys, loved in his boyhood by the young Iulus; and last and fairest of all came Iulus himself, riding a gallant steed of Arab race, which he had received as a gift from the fair hand of Dido.

Loud was the applause among the Trojans as they watched that pretty pageant of childish chivalry and traced their fathers' likeness on the blushing faces of the happy boys. Having ridden slowly round the arena they drew up in a body, facing the spot where Æneas and the Trojan nobles were seated round their host. Then Epytides gave

the signal with a loud crack of his whip, and, parting again into three separate troops, they couched their weapons, and made a mimic charge, but, avoiding the shock at the moment of meeting, rank passed through rank, wheeled again, and returned to the encounter. And so with ordered confusion, "with wanton heed and giddy cunning," they threaded all the mazes of a warlike dance, in which attack and retreat, rally, and hand-to-hand assault, were pictured in living colours on the level green. Like the myriad gyrations of a shoal of dolphin gambolling and frolicking in a vessel's wake; like the tangled paths of the labyrinth, which baffle the feet and bewilder the mind—such were the sinuous windings and giddy involutions in that sportive copy of the grim game of war.

V

While the men of Troy were enjoying this gay and animated scene their wives and mothers were left alone in the camp, as custom did not allow them to be present at the games. Juno, whose malice was still unappeased, saw her opportunity, and determined to work on the feelings of the women, who were weary of their long wanderings, and sighed for a settled home.

On the shores of a sheltered bay, where the ships of Æneas were drawn up on the beach, a group of Trojan matrons is standing, gazing with

tearful eyes over the barren waste of waters. One thought is in their hearts, one word is on their lips : " Give us a home, an abiding city ! We will not wander more." " No ; ye shall not wander more," cries an aged dame, who has suddenly appeared among them ; and at once they recognise the voice and features of Beroë, a widowed princess, whose sons were all slain at Troy. " Hear me, sisters," she continues. " Would it not have been better to have died by the hands of the Greeks of Troy than thus to be dragged, year after year, from sea to sea, chasing that phantom land which they call Italy ? Here we are among friends and kinsmen ; let us burn these detested ships, and found a city here. Last night Cassandra appeared to me in a dream, and gave me a blazing torch. See, the means are at hand," she added, snatching up a brand from an altar fire which was burning close by, and hurling it among the ships.

Startled at this daring act the women stood, hesitating and murmuring together, when instead of Beroë, who had vanished, they saw the radiant form of Iris, Juno's messenger ; and, unfolding her many-coloured wings, the goddess soared heavenward, and spanned the cloudy vault with a gigantic rainbow.

At this manifest sign a frenzy seemed to enter into the women. " Burn, burn the ships ! " they cried with one voice. " Juno commands it, and our own hearts desire it." They plunder the blaz-

ing altars, and hurl flames among the nearest vessels ; and a black volume of smoke was soon rolling upward, a glad sight for the eyes of Juno.

Iulus and his youthful company were still displaying their horsemanship to the admiring eyes of their elders when a breathless messenger burst into the arena, crying : “ The fleet is burning ! ” And as he spoke he pointed in the direction of the sea, where the sun loomed red through a cloud of pitchy vapour. In a moment the game was stopped, and Iulus, setting spurs to his horse, led the way at a gallop to the scene of the disaster. Arriving first, he found the work of destruction in full progress, and the women moving, like priestesses of Vulcan, among the flames and smoke. When they saw their young Prince and heard his loud reproaches they were filled with shame and fear, and fled in panic to the woods. Presently Æneas came up, and strove with his men to quench the flames. Finding his efforts useless he lifted up his hands, and cried to Heaven for aid. Jupiter heard his prayer, and forthwith a violent torrent of rain fell hissing on the burning ships. The fleet was saved, all but four galleys, whose blackened remnants lay smoking on the sand.

VI

Æneas stood pensively among the blackened hulls of his ships, and gazed across the sea. He

was on the threshold of the promised land, but his heart was full of care. How could he drag all these helpless creatures into the perils and struggles which were awaiting him beyond that gulf of waters? As he pondered thus he felt a touch on his arm, and his doubts were answered by an aged prophet named Nautes, who enjoyed the special favour of Minerva. "I read thy thoughts, my Prince," said the old man; "but be not dismayed; listen to my counsel, and all shall be well. Thou art starting on a hard and perilous road; let not thy footsteps be encumbered by the aged, the weak, and the faint of heart. Let a picked band of warriors go with thee, few in number, but mighty in resolve; but let all the weaker sort—the grandsires worn with years and mothers weary of the sea—remain here under the care of Acestes."

Still heavy with care, the anxious hero withdrew to his tent, weighing in his mind the words of Nautes. But in the darkness and silence of the night the spirit of Anchises rose up before him, and he heard that well-known voice speaking words of comfort: "Dearer than life, while life was mine, I come at Jove's bidding to confirm the counsel of Nautes. Take with thee only the young and the strong, and leave the rest to found a city on these shores. And when thou hast set foot on the land of Italy go straightway to the gloomy portals of Dis, and seek me out in the place where I dwell, not among the shades of the

accursed, but in the happy fields of Elysium and the glad clime of the blest. There we shall see each other's face, and thou shalt learn from me the mighty things which are appointed for thee and for thine. And now adieu ; Night's steeds are rushing down the slope of heaven, and I feel the cold breathing of the dawn."

All doubt was now removed, and it only remained to make choice of those who were able and worthy to share in the arduous task of founding a new empire on a foreign soil. The others were enrolled among the subjects of Acestes, and having seen the first stones of the new city laid Æneas mustered his gallant little band, and prepared to start on the final stage of his long wanderings. For the last time all who survived from the ten years' war and seven years of travel were assembled on one spot ; and every eye was moist, and every heart was sad, when the last farewell had been spoken, and the gulf began to widen which was parting for ever mother from son, sister from brother, and friend from friend.

VII

But other eyes were watching the track of the Trojan ships as they faded away from the view of those sad watchers on the Sicilian shore. In his crystal palace, over which, like a watery heaven, the heaving seas are spread, sat Neptune, the great

monarch of floods ; and to him entered Venus, her face clouded with care. " Brother of Jove," she said, " I am driven by the malice of Juno to come as a humble suppliant to thee. It is not enough that she has blotted the kingdom of Troy from the face of the earth ; with heart still implacable, she pursues the broken remnant of the Trojans from sea to sea. Thou knowest what a tumult she lately raised in thy realm, and tempted thy subjects to revolt against thee, and but yesterday she called up the god of fire to serve her spite. I beseech thee therefore to grant Æneas a safe passage on this, his last voyage, that after all his trials he may reach the mouth of Tiber without loss or harm."

" Fair daughter of the ocean foam," ¹ answered Neptune, " thy confidence in me is not misplaced. I saved Æneas from the sword of Achilles, when Troy's plains were heaped with slaughter and all her streams ran blood, and now again he shall be my care. Only one life shall be given, as a sacrifice for many ; all the rest shall come safe into harbour."

Calm was the night and sweet the airs of heaven as the fleet of Æneas sped northward beneath the silent stars ; for an unseen influence was about him, smoothing the billows in his path and lulling to sleep every hostile power. The royal galley led the way, steered by Palinurus ;

¹ Aphrodite.

and the rest of the squadron, keeping close order, followed hard in his wake. Only the helmsmen keep vigil ; while the crews, relieved from the toil of rowing, lay fast asleep along the decks.

It was midnight, and the ships were still gliding, like a ghostly fleet, along the liquid floor, when a shadowy shape came floating down the wind, and alighted, unseen and noiseless as the bird of night, by the side of Palinurus as he sat with his hand on the helm and his eye on the polar star. Then a strange heaviness crept over the faithful pilot, drowsing his eyelids and relaxing his limbs, and a voice fell on his ears like the sound of a distant sigh : " Sleep, Palinurus, sleep ! The ship has no need of thy care ; the breeze shall waft her safe, with other hands to guide her and other eyes to guard." Stoutly the old man struggled against the powerful spell which drugged his senses and froze the current of his blood. He clutched the rudder convulsively, and tried to lift his heavy head. But in the midst of his efforts he felt himself seized with soft but irresistible force ; and, still grasping the helm, which had been torn from the rudder-bands, he was hurled headlong into the sea.

This time the hungry sea was satisfied with one victim. True to his promise, Neptune guided the rudderless vessel all through the night, and in the morning she cast anchor with her convoy beneath the sheltering cliffs of Cumæ, on the western shore of Italy.

The Descent into Hades

I

MINDFUL of the advice of Helenus, Æneas at once made his way to the cavern of the Sibyl, which lay in a deep, wooded valley at some distance from the shore. Passing through the shade and stillness of a solemn grove sacred to Diana he came with one or two companions to the portals of a temple, founded in times remote by Dædalus when he rested here in his flight from Crete.

Dædalus was an Athenian, renowned for his skill in mechanical invention. Having offended Minos, King of Crete, at whose court he had taken refuge, he was thrown with his son Icarus into a dungeon. He escaped from his captivity by means of wings, which he had constructed with his own hands ; and Icarus, similarly equipped, fled with him. Dædalus had warned the boy not to soar too high, lest the heat of the sun should melt the wax with which the wings were fastened. But Icarus, in the joy of his airy motion, soon forgot his father's warning ; he approached too near the sun, the waxen fastenings melted, the wings dropped into pieces, and he fell into the sea, and was drowned.

On the front of the building all that tragic history was carved in marble by the hand of the famous artist: the murder of Androgeos by the Athenians—the ship, with its yearly tribute of human victims, destined to be devoured by the Minotaur; the Labyrinth, and all the sequel of that tale, down to the death of Icarus.

While they lingered gazing at the sculptures a woman of tall stature and commanding presence descended the steps of the temple. "It is the Sibyl," whispered Achates to Æneas; and the pious hero greeted the venerable priestess with becoming reverence, and explained his errand. When sacrifice had been offered, and all due rites paid, under the Sibyl's direction, she beckoned to the Trojans silently, and led the way into the inner chamber of the temple, behind which was the vast cavern where she held her awful vigils and listened to the voice of the god. Weird and unearthly looked the white-haired prophetess as she stood erect at the black, yawning mouth of the cavern and the spirit of the god came upon her. She seemed to grow in stature, her breast heaved, and her features worked with strange violence, as she gasped out these words, broken with sobs and cries: "Pray, Æneas, pray! The god, the god is here!" A low murmur was heard in the inner recesses of the cave, and when it ceased Æneas poured forth his fervent prayer:

"Phœbus, who hast ever pitied the long sorrows

of the Trojans, and hast now brought us at last to this land of mystery, be thou our intercessor with the hostile powers of heaven, that the curse may be taken away from Laomedon's fated race. And thou, O holy virgin, from whose eye the future is not hid, grant an abiding dwelling-place in Latium to the children of Teucer and to the wandering gods and storm-tossed deities of Troy. So shall thy name be ever held in reverence among us, and thou shalt share the honour of him thou servest. Only commit not thine oracles to leaves, but declare all thou knowest with thine own lips."

Wilder and wilder grew the aspect of the Sibyl, and she seemed to wrestle against some irresistible though unseen force. It was the battle of her mortal flesh against the spirit of the god ; but at length the god prevailed, and her voice awakened a hundred echoes in the abyss beneath as she spake, with writhing, foam-flecked lips : " Hero, thy goal is reached ; the terrors of the sea are passed, but a fiercer struggle awaits thee on land. See, see ! The yellow waves of Tiber ! But now they take a darker tint—they are crimson with blood ! Hark to the clash of arms ! Another war, savage as the conflict in Asia, shall arise in Latium ; another Achilles, and he also of divine descent, shall confront thee in Italy ; and again the sword shall be drawn for a foreign bride. But yield not, flinch not ; harden thy heart against fate ; the way of thy salvation, strange as thou

wilt deem it, lies through the gates of a Grecian city."

The Sibyl ceased, the murmurs of the cavern died away, and a solemn pause ensued, broken at last by the voice of Æneas, who remembered the command brought to him by his father's spirit before he sailed from Sicily. "Think not, dread lady," he said, "that I shun the frowns of fate; toil and struggle are as familiar to me as the face of a friend. But another need has brought me to thy gates. Not far from here there is said to be a wide cleft in the earth, giving entrance to the dark realm of Dis; thither am I bound, to see the face of my sire Anchises, and I ask thy guidance on that perilous way, which has been trodden already in the flesh by Orpheus, by Theseus, and by Hercules. I also trace my ancestry from highest Jove."

Then the priestess made answer: "Son of Anchises, true seed of the gods, the descent to Avernus is easy; day and night stand open the doors of swarthy Dis; but to recall thy steps and revisit the light of heaven—that is the labour, that is the task. But if thou art determined to face all the horrors of the underworld, and pass and repass that dreadful path, learn what thou hast first to do. Deep in the bosom of these woods there stands a certain tree, and on that tree there is a golden bough, all gold, both its leaves and its pliant stem, and sacred to Proserpine,

Queen of the Dead. This bough thou must pluck, and carry with thee as an offering to the nether Juno. If thou art called to make this journey the branch will yield at once to thy hand ; if not, no force will enable thee to tear it away. Moreover, while thou hast been lingering here death has visited thy camp, and robbed thee of a friend. Pay the last dues to his body, and then thou art free to tread the way which no other living foot may tread."

Accompanied by Achates, Æneas left the temple, and went down towards the shore, with his mind filled with sad forebodings by the last words of the Sibyl. When they reached the fleet they found a crowd assembled on the beach, and in their midst lay the body of a drowned man. Drawing near they recognised the features of Misenus, a stout fighter and famous trumpeter, once the favourite comrade of Hector, who had followed the fortunes of Æneas when he sailed from Troy. Roaming idly along the coast the rash musician was awakening the echoes of the rocks with his trumpet, and challenging Triton to a contest of skill, when the envious god caught him unawares, and hurled him headlong among the breakers.

When the first shock of sorrow was over Æneas turned sadly away, and summoned his comrades to make preparations for a stately funeral. Armed with axes, the Trojans followed their leader into a

grove of tall pines, and set about felling the timber for the pyre. Leaving his men busy at their work Æneas strayed pensively into the glades of the forest, exploring the wilderness of green in search of the golden bough. Presently he heard a rustling among the leaves above his head, and two white doves alighted on the turf before him. "My mother's birds!" he murmured, checking his steps. "Lead on, fair creatures, and show me the happy spot where shine those leaves of gold!" And as he spoke the doves spread their wings, and led him gently on, keeping always in sight, and settling here and there to feed. When they reached the deep, sulphurous pool of Avernus they shot upward in a swift curve, and alighted on a tree, where, among the sombre green foliage, there shone a golden ray. With a joyful cry Æneas sprang forward; and there, within reach of his hand, gleamed the golden bough, whose leaves made a crisp, rustling sound as they fluttered in the breeze. With trembling fingers he grasped it by the stem; and slowly, as it seemed to his feverish haste, it yielded to his grasp, and parted from the parent trunk.

Returning to the camp he found all hands engaged in preparing for the obsequies of Misenus. On the beach rose a towering pile of wood, whose sides were screened with cypress boughs, and above were laid the armour and weapons of the dead man. Then the body was reverently washed,

and laid out on a bier, robed in purple raiment. When all was ready those who were nearest to the departed hero in life raised the bier on their shoulders, and bore it with its cold burden to the pyre. Round it were heaped the carcasses of slaughtered victims, rich stores of incense, and bowls of olive oil. With averted faces they applied lighted torches to the pyre ; and the flames roared and leaped, licking up the rich offerings, until the whole mass was consumed. After that they quenched the smouldering embers with wine, gathered the charred bones of Misenus, and stored them in a casket of bronze. Three times the chief mourner sprinkled the company with lustral water ; the parting words were spoken, and the ceremony ended. At the foot of a tall cliff, which still bears his name, a vast mound was raised over the ashes of Misenus, and his arms, his trumpet, and his oar, were left there as a sad trophy of his fame.

II

It is the ghostly hour of morning twilight ; by the black waters of Avernus Æneas and the Sibyl are about to perform the last sacrifices before setting out on their journey to the shadowy homes of the dead. Before them yawns the mouth of a cavern half hidden by the tangled boughs of ancient trees, and through that gloomy portal they have to pass.

Black victims are offered to appease the infernal powers ; and all the air seems to shudder, and the wooded hills around and the earth under their feet, tremble and quake before the unseen tread of those awful beings as they approach to partake of the feast. " Hark ! " whispers the priestess, " I hear the hounds of Hecate yelling around their mistress. Away," she cries, waving her hand to the companions of Æneas, who have been assisting at the sacrifice, " away ! your part is done. Now man thyself, Æneas, and follow me." With that word she darted forward, and plunged into the depths of the cave.

Through the waste of silence they went, through the blank and formless void, where no life is, and no light, save a pale and ghostly gleam, until they reached the confines of the realm of Dis. Here, on the borderland between the two worlds, lies encamped the grim cohort of those demon powers who ravage the earth under their great captain, Death ; Sorrow first, and Care, and hollow-eyed Disease, and dolorous Eld ; then Fear, and Famine, and hideous Want, and Toil, and Guilt, and War in his robe of blood, and furious Discord. Next appear the spectral shapes of all those monsters which have fallen in combat with gods or the sons of gods—hundred-armed Briareus, Scylla, and Geryon ; " Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire."

Æneas started back in sudden alarm, and drew

his sword to defend himself against that fiendish band. "Fear nothing," said the Sibyl; "they are but hollow phantoms; from them thou canst take no harm." Passing thence they came to the shores of Acheron, at the place where Charon keeps the ferry over the deep and turbid stream. Fiercely he glares at the new-comers as they descend the rocky path which leads down to the river of sorrow, where all the air is filled with a moaning sound. His aspect is that of an old man whose vigour is unimpaired by age: a long beard, grey and unkempt, sweeps his breast; he is dressed in a coarse tunic, knotted round his waist, and leaving bare his brawny limbs; his eyes are balls of flame. As they approach he is just stepping out of his dusky pinnace, ready to take on board another freight. A vast crowd throngs the river-bank: husbands and wives, heroes slain in fight, boys and maidens, and fair youths whose parents yet stand weeping by their graves. Thick as the leaves which strew the ground at the first cold breath of autumn, or like the countless multitude of birds which come swarming, when summer has departed, to the sunny shores of Africa—so, numberless, pressed on that shadowy host, stretching out their hands in longing for the farther bank. But the gloomy ferryman gave passage only to those who could prove their right to cross, and drove the others with stern gestures back. "Those whom thou seest rejected are the

ghosts of the unburied," whispered the Sibyl; "they are doomed to wander here for a hundred years before they can gain admission to the place of their longing."

Struck with wonder and pity Æneas was watching those forlorn and tombless souls, among whom he recognised the crew of one of his own vessels, wrecked in the storm which drove him to Carthage, when one came gliding towards him whom he recognised as his own pilot, Palinurus, lately drowned on the voyage from Sicily. "Say, how camest thou hither?" asked Æneas. "What sad mischance hath doomed thee to a watery grave?" "An unseen hand," answered Palinurus, "tore me from my post as I was steering thy vessel and watching the stars. Even in that dreadful hour all my fears were for thee. Three days and three nights I drifted, and then the tide swept me to the foot of a rugged cliff, and as I crawled to land I was murdered and stripped by the savage men who dwell there. And now my body lies naked on that cruel coast. Therefore I implore thee to seek out the spot where I fell and give me the rites of burial; or perchance, perchance thou canst take me with thee across the river, even as I am, if Heaven's favour will suffer thee so far."

Stern was the face of the Sibyl as she heard that rash request. "Peace, presumptuous man," she said severely, "nor think that thou canst be

exempt from the laws of fate. Have patience; Heaven's eye has marked thy case, and ere long the people of that land shall be warned by signs and wonders to give thy bones to their rest, and ever more the place which saw thy fall shall bear thy name." Then the poor ghost was comforted, and he went back to join the company of those who stand and wait.

"It is time to embark," said the Sibyl, and drew Æneas towards the landing-place just as the ferryman was about to push off from the shore with his ghostly cargo. "Halt!" cried the Stygian pilot when he saw them approach. "Who art thou who comest in arms to these my waters? No living wight may set foot in this barque or enter the realm of shadows and of sleep. Thrice have I given passage to those who came hither in the flesh—to Hercules and to Theseus and to Pirithous; and wild work they wrought, all three, dragging the hound of Pluto from the very throne of his master, and offering violence to our lady Proserpine herself."

"Fear not such deeds from us," replied the Sibyl calmly; "Cerberus may howl on unharmed and Proserpine dwell inviolate in the house of her lord. He whom thou seest is Æneas, famed for piety and valour, who is bound on a visit to his sire. And see, the bough." And she held up the sacred symbol, which had been concealed in her bosom. No more was needed; Charon smoothed

his ruffled brow, and, clearing the benches of the spectral passengers whom he had taken on board, received the stately form of *Æneas* and the venerable *Sibyl* in their place. The frail vessel sank deep beneath the unusual weight, but bore them in safety to the other side, where they landed, and pursued their way across the formless mud and livid sedge.

Soon they came to a narrow gorge running between two steep cliffs, whose top was lost in the black shadows above, and at the entrance lay *Cerberus*, the three-headed hound, couched upon the rocks. All the air rang with his hideous yells when he caught sight of the new-comers ; but the *Sibyl* threw him a cake, drugged with the juice of the poppy, and when he had swallowed it he stretched out all his length, and sank into a heavy sleep.

III

They are now within the very realm of *Dis*, which is like a vast island, surrounded by the interlacing coils of the three infernal rivers—*Acheron*, *Cocytus*, and *Styx*. And as they advance a loud sound of wailing is heard proceeding from a myriad of infant ghosts—those little ones who, as soon as they had set foot on the threshold of life, were snatched away by malignant fate, and plunged in an untimely grave. Near at hand sits



Dido in Hades

Minos, the dread Recorder, and holds his court, summoning before him the spirits of the dead, and assigning to them their several seats. Here the false judgments of the world are reversed, the brand of guilt is removed from the innocent, and all the guilty receive their just award.

In one place they see the souls of those desperate creatures whom misery drove to anticipate the stroke of doom and cut the thread of destiny before their time. Ah ! how gladly now would they buy back the gift of life at any cost of pain and privation. And not far from these is seen a wide domain, named here the Mourning Fields. Here all the spirits of unhappy lovers wander without end in secret paths among groves of myrtle, and still the old heartache leaves them not even in death. Passing through these sad shades Æneas sees the gliding ghosts of heroines renowned in story : Phædra and Procris, Eriphyle and Pasiphaë, and a host of others—all victims of an ill-starred passion.

And see, yonder tall form, that pale, stern face, that breast pierced and bleeding ! Yes, Æneas, *thou* canst not mistake them, dim as they are, and faintly outlined, like all things else in this land of mystery and shadow : Dido, Dido herself stands before thee, and hate still burns unquenchable in that spectre's eyes. Rigid as marble she stands, unmoved by his sighs and tears and the words of love and pity which fall brokenly from

his trembling lips. "Ah! speak to me but once," he implores; "'tis the last, the very last time that fate allows." Too late, Æneas, too late! Still the same cold, accusing silence; then with one gesture of utter loathing and scorn the angry spirit turns away, unforgiving even in death.

Leaving that region of eternal sorrow they enter the fields set apart for the spirits of famous warriors. Here stalks in arms the ghost of Tydeus, and Parthenopæus, who alone on that great day of slaughter feared not the face of Achilles. With mingled joy and sorrow he recognises his own gallant comrades as they press around him and follow his footsteps, as once they followed him on the fields of Troy. But the princes of Greece and the hosts of Agamemnon, when they saw their great enemy in his flashing armour, were filled with desperate panic; some turned their backs, and fled; some raised a feeble war cry, like the strangled voice of a drowning man.

But who is this who stands forth from the rest a mangled and mutilated spectre, ears and hands lopped off, and face disfigured by a gaping, hideous wound? Timidly, and striving to hide his foul deformity, that wretched thing draws near; and in that marred image Æneas recognises Deiphobus, one of the stoutest of the Trojans, who after the death of Paris took the fatal Helen to wife. "How art thou changed, old comrade!" said Æneas with deep emotion. "Who dared to deal with thee thus?"

It was told me that thou hadst fallen, sword in hand, on the night when our city was stormed and sacked. Thy body we could not find; but I raised an empty tomb in thy honour, and omitted naught that was due to thy honoured name."

Deiphobus answered: "Thou hast left nothing undone, but paid the whole debt of friendship. It was the crime of the Spartan woman which brought upon me this doom; behold the memorials of her love! Thou rememberest the mad revel which we held on the day when the deadly beast sprang with its armed burden within our walls. On that evening Helen led the women of Troy through the streets, pretending to rejoice with them that Troy was once more free. When she reached the citadel she waved a torch from its topmost tower, as a signal to the Greeks to begin the attack. In that hour I was lying, sunk in a deep and deathlike slumber, as one whose cares were done. My worthy helpmeet had removed all weapons from the house and stolen my trusty sword from my bedside. Thither she led Menelaus, her former lord, and Ulysses, the father of all crime. They dealt with me as thou seest—and so may Heaven deal with them! But say, what brings thee hither to these sunless homes and regions of Chaos wild?"

Long was the talk, and many were the tears they shed, till the Sibyl grew impatient, and cut short their colloquy. "The night is far spent," she

said, "and with the dawn thou must return to earth. 'Tis time to say farewell." "Be not wroth with me, great priestess," replied Deiphobus sadly. "Adieu, Æneas, fare thee well, our sole glory and pride; enjoy thy happier lot. As for me, I will take up my portion in the land of sadness and of shadow."

IV

They had now reached the parting of the ways: on the right lay the road which they had to follow, leading to the Elysian Fields, the abode of the blest; to the left towered the triple walls of Tartarus, the house of torment, appointed for the wicked, girdled round about by a roaring torrent of fire, the fierce stream of Phlegethon. Æneas paused to take one look at the adamantine portals of the infernal citadel, impregnable even to the gods themselves; and outside there sat one of terrific aspect, Tisiphone, the eldest of the Furies, clad in a blood-red garment, watching day and night with sleepless eyes. From within came the sound of groans and the hissing strokes of the lash; then was heard the grating crash of iron chains. "Say, maiden, is it lawful to hear the secrets of that dread prison-house?" asked Æneas. "What hideous forms of guilt are here, and what the penalties?"

Then spake the Sibyl thus: "Man of heavenly birth, none pure of heart may set foot on that

accursed threshold, but when I was appointed to my high office my mistress, Hecate, laid bare to me the secrets of the dark abyss. These are the iron realms of Rhadamanthys ; here he sits in judgment, and summons the guilty before him. No cunning shifts, no specious sophistries, can avail the sinner now ; all is laid bare, and the Fury stands ready, scourge in hand, to execute the sentence. Forthwith on their groaning hinges the doors roll open wide, and the felon is driven to his doom. Tartarus gapes wide to receive him, vast as the vault of heaven, and gorged with the crime of ages. There, at the bottom of the pit, the Titans, Earth's monstrous brood, still wallow ; there too lies Salmoneus, struck down, like them, by Jove's avenging bolt, while he strove to mimic the thunder and lightning with torches and with chariots and with brazen drums. Not far from these I saw the giant Tityos, stretched out, huge in length, while an enormous vulture buries her head deep in his breast, and with her hooked beak shears away the flesh of his liver, which ever grows, and is ever devoured again. Ixion whirls on the flaming wheel, Sisyphus rolls his stone, and Tantalus lies, tormented by a raging thirst, before a table spread with choicest fruits and wines, which he may not touch. There sits Theseus, and there shall he sit for ever ; and Phlegyas cries aloud in darkness and agony : ' Take warning by my case, and sin no more.' All who have sinned

against the law of righteousness, and broken the sacred bond of love and charity—the traitor, the miser, the murderer, the adulterer—have here their place and their portion. Seek not further to pry into the black annals of crime ; had I a hundred tongues and a throat of iron, yet could I never end the catalogue of guilty deeds and the penalties which they bring.”

As the priestess ended her tale they drew near to the doors of Pluto’s palace and temple. Following the instructions of the Sibyl, Æneas sprinkled himself with water which stood ready in a holy vessel, and, having hung the golden bough on the doors, went forward with his guide.

V

The twilight place of penance and the black dungeon of the doomed are left far behind ; sweet breathes the air, and above them swells the blue vault of another heaven, warmed by a milder sun ; for they have reached those bright abodes where happy spirits dwell for ever in blessedness. Some on the yellow sand are exercising heroic games :¹ wrestling or boxing or whirling in the chariot-race ; others, more mild, move stately in the majestic dance, keeping time to the throbbing melody of the harp, which is played by the hand of a master, Orpheus, the prince of singers, seer and bard.

¹ Milton, “Paradise Lost,” iv. 551.

Here flows the Eridanus in a clear and copious stream, winding through green meadows and shady groves. It is the garden of Elysium, where bloom immortal flowers, the rest appointed for all the holy and pure of heart, where saint and patriarch, warrior and patriot, are joined together in golden peace after life's fitful fever is past. All who have been faithful to their trust on earth, all who have toiled with hand and heart and brain to raise the condition of their fellow-men, find here their reward.

"Say, blessed spirits," began the Sibyl, addressing a troop who came flocking round, "where shall we find Anchises? For to see him have we come, and crossed the black waters of Erebus." She was answered by one of stately presence, whose brows were bound with laurel, showing him to be a singer; and indeed it was no other than Musæus, who shares with Orpheus an equal crown of glory. "We have no fixed abodes," said he; "all dwell in common, roaming in shady thicket or resting by some grassy stream. But come with me, and ye shall soon find him whom ye seek."

So saying, he led the way up a gentle slope, from whose summit a wide prospect was obtained, and just below them, in a deep, secluded dell, they saw Anchises sitting, wrapped in profound meditation. They took leave of Musæus, and descended to the place where Anchises sat, and at last father and son stood face to face. When the first joyful

greetings were over Anchises conducted his visitors to a remoter part of the valley, on the banks of the River Lethe, which skirts the Elysian Fields. The whole air was filled with a buzzing sound, like the murmur of many bees, and round the waters of Lethe an innumerable multitude of spirits were flitting, the souls of nations and tribes yet to be. "O father, what are these?" asked Æneas in amazement. "The spirits," answered Anchises, "which are destined to return to earth, and to be confined once more in a fleshly tabernacle, are drinking deep draughts of oblivion from Lethe's healing flood." "What!" cried Æneas. "Can the soul which has broken its bonds and tasted immortal liberty long to be united again in fellowship with clay? This is surely more than common madness." "Be patient a while," replied Anchises, "and lend me thy serious ear, while I unfold to thee the secrets of Nature's profoundest lore."

Thus solemnly addressed Æneas composed himself to an attitude of the deepest attention; and Anchises, seeing him prepared, took up his lesson thus: "Know first that there are two worlds—the world of matter and the world of spirit. Spirit is a fine essence, whose subtle current runs through all creation, flying on the wings of the air, burning in the rolling orbs of heaven, flowing in the ocean waves, giving form and movement and beauty to plants and animals and man. It is the

mysterious principle of life, and its nature is divine ; it is an immortal stream, whose fountains are in heaven. But its influence is clogged and deadened by the earthly elements with which it is combined ; and hence arise the passions of men—fear, desire, joy, and pain—because man’s being is not single, but composed of two elements—matter and mind. Dim burns the lamp fed by gross earthly oil ; and even after death, when the spirit has escaped from her vile associate, she bears with her many stains, many memorials of that unhallowed fellowship. Therefore there is ordained for each departed spirit a ghostly penance, which endures for a thousand years, until the heavenly essence has been cleansed of every blot. When the long ordeal is completed the souls are mustered at Lethe’s bank ; they quaff the waters, and wash away all memory of their former state, to prepare them for another pilgrimage among the children of men.

“ Now follow me, and hear the sequel,” said Anchises, and conducted his son to the summit of a hill, from which they looked down on Lethe’s sad waters and the swarming host of souls. “ These whom thou beholdest are the spirits of thy descendants—a long line of mighty names, destined to fill the world with their glory. See there stands Silvius, thy son, whom a princess of Italy shall bear thee—a king, and the father of kings, whose royal seat is in Alba Longa. And

that tall warrior, with a helmet of double plume, is Romulus, child of Mars and Trojan Ilia ; he shall found the walls of imperial Rome, whose kingdom is the earth, whose glory fills the skies—Rome, the queen of cities, the mother of heroes, crowned, like Cybele, with her coronal of towers.

“ Now turn hither thine eyes, and look upon a breed of heroes—Cæsar and all the line of Iulus, for whom thrones are prepared in heaven. See, yonder is Augustus, of race divine, who shall restore the golden age in Latium, before whom Africa and Asia shall bow their heads ; already the oracles foretell his coming on the shores of the Caspian, and Egypt trembles at the sound of his name. Wider his sway than all the regions traversed by Hercules and all the lands through which Bacchus drove his triumphal car. Courage then, my son, call up all thy manhood, and turn not back in thy high career.

“ But who is he whose brows are shaded by the peaceful olive—he with the hoary head and snow-white beard ? By these signs thou mayest recognise Numa, Rome’s second founder, who shall establish the city on the firm base of law. After him follows warlike Tullus, and Ancus, the people’s darling. See next the proud race of Tarquin, and Brutus, the champion of liberty : O heart of iron, that shrinks not at the cruel choice between public justice and a father’s love ! In his steps shall tread Camillus, the saviour of Rome, and Decius, and stern Torquatus.

“Two there are¹ who stand together apart from the rest, spirits united here in firm concord ; but ah ! how fearful a war shall arise between them on earth—what carnage, what ruin ! Cease, O my children, cease from the unnatural strife ; raise not your mighty hands against your country’s bosom ! And thou, of my own race and blood, be the first to fling away the sword ! ”

Then all the worthies who thronged the Senate in the days of its glory passed before them in long array—Cato, that stout pillar of ancient virtue ; Paulus and Mummius, the conquerors of Greece ; the Scipios, who humbled the might of Carthage ; the noble sons of Cornelia ; Fabricius in his majestic poverty, and Fabius, the hero of Rome’s darkest hour. And when he had named the last of them Anchises lifted up his hands, and cried : “Glory and honour to thee, City of the Seven Hills ! Others shall mould with softer touch the breathing bronze, shall draw living features from marble, shall shake the Senate with resistless eloquence, or map out the courses of the stars. Be it thine, Roman, to wield the sceptre of the world ; these be thine arts : to give laws to the conquered, to spare the humbled, to overwhelm the proud.”

Anchises ended, and Æneas gazed in awe and silence until that vision of empire faded. But when all the rest had passed there was one who yet lingered, as if a spell lay upon him which he

¹ Cæsar and Pompey.

could not break. He seemed a youth of transcendent beauty, moulded for honour and high deeds ; but his features were clouded with sorrow, and a shadow as of death lay about his head. " Who is that lovely spirit ? " whispered Æneas ; " and why looks he so pale and wan ? " " Ah, my son ! " answered Anchises, struggling to keep back his tears, " why seekest thou to hear the sorrows of thy house ? Fate shall but show him to the earth, and then take him away. Too mighty, O ye eternal Powers, would Rome have seemed to you had this gift been ours to keep. I foresee a day when all Rome shall mourn, and Tiber groan beneath his banks, when this last green branch, which might have grown full straight,¹ shall be cut off by Time's envious hand. Ah, hapless boy ! if in anywise thou canst break the bonds of fate, thou shalt be Marcellus."

The day was now at hand, and Æneas might not remain longer in the land of spirits. Anchises led him to the ivory gate, whence false dreams are sent to the world above, and dismissed him there after many words of warning and counsel.

¹ Marlowe, *Faustus*

The Landing in Latium

I

WHILE Æneas is on his way from Cumæ to the mouth of Tiber we will take a brief glance at the state of things in Latium, and see what sort of reception is awaiting him there. The King of Latium at this time was Latinus, who drew his descent from Saturn, an ancient pastoral deity of Italy. His daughter, and only child, Lavinia, was betrothed to Turnus, and the match was strongly favoured by Amata, queen and wife of Latinus, whose heart had been won by the princely form and high ancestry of the youthful suitor. But just before the arrival of the Trojans strange portents had occurred, which seemed to forbid the union of Lavinia and Turnus. In the central courtyard of the royal palace there was an ancient laurel-tree, found growing on the spot by Latinus when he began to build the city, which was named from this circumstance Laurentum. One morning the whole courtyard was besieged by a buzzing swarm of bees, which settled on the laurel, and hung in a dense cluster from its top-

most bough. "A stranger is coming," declared the seers, "from the same quarter whence flew the bees, and he shall hold sway in this royal citadel." Another time, when Lavinia was taking part in the sacrifice which was offered at her betrothal, the flame caught her long hair, and in a moment she was wrapped from head to foot in a mysterious fire, which smoked and blazed and roared, but did her no harm. "O King," proclaimed the seer again, "thy daughter is destined to high renown, but she shall bring on this people a wide-wasting war."

Alarmed by these portents Latinus went to consult the oracle of Faunus, his father, in the sacred grotto near the burning spring of Albunea, which is the Delphi of Latium. Wrapped in the skins of sheep which had been offered in sacrifice (for so the custom was) he lay all night at the mouth of the cavern. "In the dead vast and middle of the night" he heard a voice which said: "Seek not in Latium a bridegroom for thy daughter; from a distant land there cometh one who shall mingle his blood with thine, and out of that union a race shall arise before which all peoples of the earth shall bow the knee."

This answer of the oracle was soon noised abroad, and caused throughout Latium a fever of expectation at the moment when the ships of Æneas were first sighted off the coast.

The distant crests of the Apennines are tipped with crimson light ; every wind is hushed to rest, and land and sea lie sleeping in the hallowed stillness of the dawn. But hark ! the silence is broken by the measured beat of a thousand oars, and into the mouth of Tiber sweeps the Trojan fleet. As if they had been waiting for that signal, a multitude of birds at the same moment burst into song, and all the woods by the riverside ring with melody. Æneas is the first to leap ashore ; and soon all his fleet lies moored on the yellow sand.

Under the spreading boughs of an ancient oak sat Æneas with the young Iulus and those next to him in rank. Before them was spread a rustic feast of fruits plucked from the neighbouring trees ; and flat cakes, hastily prepared with meal and eggs and cheese, served them for dishes. When all their fruit was consumed they finished their meal by devouring the flat squares of cake. " Behold, we are eating our tables ! " cried Iulus, laughing ; and before he could add another word Æneas laid a warning finger on his lips. " No more, my child," he said. " Thy words have a deeper meaning than thou deemest. Long ago I heard an oracle from my father, foretelling that in the place where hunger compelled us to devour our tables

we should find a settled home and an abiding city. Here, then, our wanderings are at an end." And thus the prophecy of Celæno, uttered in malice, was brought to a happy fulfilment, and turned into a matter of light jesting by an innocent child.

On the day following Æneas chose out a hundred men from all his company, and sent them as envoys to the court of Latinus. Crowned with olive wreaths, to show that they came in peace, they set forth on their mission, and soon reached the open plain which lies before the gates of Laurentum, where the youth of Latium were assembled for the practice of archery, horsemanship, and other warlike exercises. Here they halted, and sent forward a messenger to announce their coming to the King. Permission being granted they entered the gates under an escort, and were conducted to the royal palace, which stood on a hill, commanding the city, and surrounded by a hallowed grove. Here they were first ushered into an ante-chamber filled with warlike trophies—chariots and the beaked prows of ships, battle-axes, helmets, shields, and spears; while round the walls were ranged statues of the ancient kings and warriors of Latium. From here, with all due ceremony, they were brought into the presence of the King.

Benign was the face of the venerable Latinus, and gracious were his words, as he gave welcome to his guests. "Children of Dardanus," he said,

“ I know both your name and your fame, and ye come not hither as strangers. Whether ye come to this land of set purpose, or driven by adverse winds, I regard you as friends, and in some wise as kinsmen. Was not Dardanus, your ancestor, whose seat is now in heaven, a son of Italy ? ”

Ilioneus, the leader of the embassy, replied : “ Illustrious son of Saturn, it was no accident of wind or weather which brought us to thy shores. Thou knowest—as who doth not, dwell he never so remote from the paths of men ?—thou knowest the tempest which gathered at Mycenæ and swept over the plains of Asia. Saved from that deluge and the havoc of our homes we have passed the wide waste of waters, following the voice of Apollo, which called us to the Tuscan Tiber and the cradle of our race. We ask but a little gift—a small plot of earth for our country’s gods to dwell in, and the common boon of water and air. And despise us not, nor think that we come as beggars and outcasts ; many are the nations who would have given us an honourable portion in their land and received us as friends and allies, but fate suffered it not. Receive us, then, and take these gifts from the hands of Æneas, a hand never stained by treachery or cowardice. This is the golden goblet from which his sire Anchises was wont to pour the drink-offering ; here is the royal robe and the sceptre and tiara of Priam ; and these vestments were wrought by the hands of noble Trojan dames.”

For a while Latinus sat silent, pondering on the strange event, which seemed to fulfil the oracles of ancient Faunus. This, thought he, is the foreign bridegroom of which the oracle spoke. Presently he raised his head, and answered, with a look of glad assurance : “ Trojan, thou hast thy wish ; and may the gods speed our designs ! I have a daughter who, by many sure tokens, is destined to wed a stranger from a distant country, and, unless my mind deceives me, your King *Æneas* is called by fate to be her husband. Bid him seek my presence with all speed, and doubt not of his welcome.”

Such was the reply of Latinus ; and his actions were as kind as his words. As the Trojans were preparing to return, they found that each of their company had been provided by the King’s order with a fine charger, richly equipped with purple housings and bridles of gold. For *Æneas* himself a two-horsed car was sent, drawn by coursers of the race of those immortal steeds which are harnessed to the chariot of the Sun. Thus nobly mounted, and with hearts full of joy and hope, the glittering train rode onward through the fields of Latium, bearing their happy message to *Æneas*.

III

Juno was on her way from Argos to Carthage, her favourite cities, and as she sped onward—

“aloft, incumbent on the azure air”—she saw Æneas already busy with the plan of a second Troy, whose walls were traced on the banks of the Tiber. She paused, and, nodding her head, spake thus within herself: “O loathed stock, not yet rooted out! can neither fire nor sword, wind nor wave, destroy them? And is this to be the end of all my toil—to be beaten and mocked by Æneas? Nay, if all the powers of heaven are against me, I will invoke the powers of Hades to my aid. May be I cannot bar his access to Latium, but I can thwart him at every step and strew his path with slaughter. Yes, Æneas shall be another Paris, Lavinia another Helen; the blood of Trojan and Italian shall be her dower, and the flames of a second Pergamus shall light him to his bridal.”

Murmuring these threats the dread goddess descended to earth, and sought out the dark and dismal cave where dwells Allecto, the fiercest of the Furies. Even to her father, Pluto, even to her awful sisters, she is an object of terror and hatred, feeding on havoc and murder, treachery and violence. “Rouse thee, daughter of Night,” said Juno, “I have a task for thee after thy own heart. Get thee to the land of Italy, and kindle the spirit of discord between the people of Italy and the brood of Troy. Arm their hearts with fury and their hands with iron; spread thy black wings and let loose the dogs of war.”

Allecto obeyed, and, flying swiftly to Laurentum,

sought out an instrument with which to achieve her dire purpose ; and before long she spied out the Queen Amata, who was brooding in anger and grief over the proposed marriage between her daughter and *Æneas*. Unseen of any the Fury alighted on the threshold, and, seizing one of the serpents which hissed about her head, flung it at the Queen. The reptile stole into her bosom, and, wrapping all her person with its subtle, impalpable coils, breathed poison into her blood. Then, ere the demon influence had taken full possession of her, Amata addressed her husband with words of female guile : “ Wilt thou give thy daughter to an exile, a Trojan freebooter, who will hoist sail with the first favourable wind, carrying his captive with him ? Art thou not warned by the example of Paris ? And shall we break faith with Turnus, who, belonging to another kingdom, fulfils all the conditions of the oracle, and is descended on his mother’s side from the royal line of Argos ? ”

Finding that Latinus was not to be shaken in his resolve, and feeling now all the power of the infernal serpent raging within her, Amata gave the reins to her frenzy, and, going forth into the city, sped from house to house, and poured her tale of wrong into the ears of all whom she met. Especially she sought allies among the women, and that she might the more easily work upon their minds she gathered a band of matrons, and led them into the woods, taking her daughter with

her ; and here, under a pretext of celebrating the wild rites of Bacchus, she infected all the mothers of Laurentum with her own furious animosity against the proposed union of Lavinia and Æneas.

Meanwhile Allecto was continuing her fatal mission, and sowing the seeds of mischief in another heart. In his house at Ardea, Turnus, Prince of the Rutulians, lay sleeping, and dreamed that the aged priestess of Juno came to him, and said : “ Turnus, wilt thou suffer thy bride to be given to a stranger ? Shall all thy services be forgotten, and all the blood which thou hast shed defending the people of Latinus against the hosts of Tuscany ? Suffer not this to be ; draw thy sword against that ungrateful King, destroy the Phrygian pirates in their camp, and win by force what is denied thee as thy right.”

Then Turnus, still dreaming : “ Go, sweep thy temple, dame, and vex me not with thine idle prate. Leave wars and weapons to men ; thou dotest, mother, and age has robbed thee of thy wits.” But a sudden horror fell upon the youth when he saw, instead of the white-haired priestess, the tremendous form and threatening face of Allecto stooping over his bed and thundering these words into his ears : “ Behold the doting, witless dame whom age has robbed of her wits ! Ha ! stripling, dost thou know me now ? I come from the seat of the dread Sisters, armed with war and death.” Saying this she flung a blazing torch at

the Prince, and vanished. Turnus sprang from his couch. The vision was gone, but that Stygian fire still burned within him, and he heard the voice of the fiend, shrieking for war and blood. Soon the word went round among his friends and comrades that Latium was to be invaded, Lavinia won at the edge of the sword, and the Trojan invader thrust into the sea.

IV

All Latium and the surrounding kingdoms were now in a ferment of warlike excitement, and it needed only a spark to kindle the flame of battle. It was Iulus who gave the first occasion for the inevitable struggle. While he was scouring the woods in search of game his dogs roused a fine stag, the property of Tyrrheus, the chief forester of Latinus, and keeper of the royal herds. The beautiful creature had been brought up as a household pet by the children of Tyrrheus ; by day he roamed freely through the woods, and at nightfall he never failed to return to his master's door, where Silvia, the forester's daughter, awaited his coming. To wreath his branching antlers with flowers, to brush his glossy coat, and see him feed from her hand, was a constant delight to the rustic maiden.

In an evil hour the dogs struck the scent of the stag, and drove him to the place where Iulus

stood ready, fitting an arrow to his bow. The shaft was launched, and sunk deep in that gentle creature's side. The stag fled to his stable, where he was found by his mistress, bleeding and sobbing, and uttering piteous cries, like a wounded child. With grief and rage her brothers rushed to avenge their favourite, catching up the first weapons which came to hand ; and Tyrrheus, their father, followed, brandishing an axe, with which he had been hewing wood in the forest.

Then loud sounded the call to arms, and from all the countryside the sturdy peasants came to join the fray. Far and wide rang the peal of a trumpet, blown by no mortal lips ; for the fiend Allecto had been present all the time, cheering on the dogs of Iulus, and guiding his arrow to the mark. Now she took her seat on the roof of the house, and blew a blast which reached many a distant homestead, where many a mother heard the signal, and pressed her infant to her heart.

Thus what had begun as a petty brawl soon grew into a regular battle, in which the whole Trojan force found itself confronted by a strong muster from the fields of Latium. Blood soon flowed on both sides : Almo, the eldest son of Tyrrheus, was slain by an arrow, and Galæsus, a wealthy farmer, who had thrown himself as peacemaker between the combatants, shared his fate.

Night at length put an end to the conflict, and the army of rustics marched into the city, bearing

with them the bodies of the slain. To the gates of Latinus they went, and displayed the disfigured corpses of Almo and Galæsus. Turnus was there already, inflaming the minds of the people with the story of his wrongs, and the wild band of women, who had now returned from the woods, added their voices to swell the tumult. "War! War! Down with the Trojans!" clamoured a thousand throats. For a long time Latinus turned a deaf ear to all this clamour, and stood unmoved as a rock surrounded by blustering waves. But a higher power was at work, which no mortal could resist, and when the storm grew louder and louder, and threatened to burst the doors of his palace, he cried: "Your blood be on your own heads! Thou, Turnus, shalt answer for this; as for me, my day is done, and my rest is at hand; thou canst but embitter my last hours." Then without another word he flung down his sceptre, and left the maddened multitude to work their will.

In the midst of the city stood the ancient temple of Janus, which in times of peace remained fast bolted and barred, as if to serve as a prison for the fierce spirit of discord, but when war was declared the gates were opened by the chief magistrate with due pomp and ceremony, and the brazen voice of the trumpets summoned the nation to arms. This duty belonged to Latinus, but the aged King hid himself away from the public eye, and refused to

perform that fatal office. Then the crowd which stood waiting before the temple heard within it the clang of weapons, and with a resounding crash the gates flew open of themselves. "'Tis the hand of Heaven!" cried the people. "To arms! To arms! Mars is on one side."

For many years peace had made her home in Latium, and the golden age of Saturn seemed to have returned. But now the ploughshare was turned into a sword, and the pruning-hook into a spear, and those smiling plains shook beneath the tramp of horsemen and the heavy tread of armed men. The rusty shield was furbished, the blackened spear was taken down from the sooty rafters, and every forge rang beneath the armourer's hammer.

When all was ready the whole host assembled before the walls of Laurentum. The fame of Turnus had drawn a strong body of allies to his standard, and conspicuous among these was seen Mezentius of Tuscany, banished from his kingdom with his son Lausus. His cruelty and impiety had made his name infamous throughout the land; and Lausus, a gallant and knightly youth, whose noble qualities had drawn a thousand men to share his exile, was worthier of a better father. From Tuscany came also Messapus, a son of Neptune, invulnerable either by steel or fire, followed by a stout band of warriors, who chanted the deeds of their famous King. There were seen the  hardy

peasants of the Sabine hills and the sunburnt vine dressers from the scorching plains of Campania. The Volscian horsemen, one day to be the dreaded foes of Rome, were led to battle by Camilla, a warlike maiden, whose hands had never known the touch of spindle or distaff, but wielded spear and sword. Light of foot was she, and swift as the winds of heaven, so that she could tread the heaving waters without wetting her feet, or fly like a bird over a field of growing corn. Many an eye followed the proud warrior maid as she marshalled her troop, spear in hand, clothed in a crimson tunic, with brooch of gold, and bearing a well-filled quiver on her shoulders.

Foremost among the leaders was seen the tall shape of Turnus, on whose helmet nodded a triple plume, while his shield was engraved with the figure of his ancestress Io, and her father Inachus, the river god of Argos, and under him was gathered the flower of the Italian chivalry.

Æneas visits Evander

I

FROM his little camp by the Tiber Æneas saw with much anxiety the formidable preparations which Turnus was making against him. But comfort and counsel were soon brought to the pious Prince. One night as he lay sleeping, worn out with thought and care, on the river's brink, the venerable god of the stream appeared to him, clad in a robe of fine-spun flax and wearing on his head a wreath of rushes. "Hero of race divine," said the god, "destined to found here a second Troy, be not dismayed by the lowering front of war which threatens thee here; the storm shall pass, and then shall be a great calm. Now learn from me how thou mayest best provide for thy present need. Not far from hence there is a city named Pallanteum, founded by Evander, who came to Italy with a band of exiles from Arcadia. They wage war unceasingly with the people of Latium, and in them thou shalt find allies against the hosts of Turnus. And when thou hast won the victory forget not that thou owest a sacrifice to Father Tiber."

The river god returned to his watery home, and *Æneas* was awakened by the rays of the morning sun. Stooping down he took of the water of *Tiber* in the hollow of his hand, and put up a prayer to *Tiber*, and to all the guardian spirits of Italian streams, beseeching them to confirm the promise made to him while he slept. Then he chose two galleys from his fleet, and prepared to set out on his mission to *Pallanteum*. He was giving his final directions, and taking leave of his comrades, when he heard the voice of *Iulus* calling him from a neighbouring thicket. "See, father," cried the boy as *Æneas* hastened to the spot, "there lies the white sow of which *Helenus* spoke in *Epirus*." And there, sure enough, lay the creature, with her young, on a green spot hard by the river. The sow was offered, with all her litter, as a sacrifice to *Juno*; then the galleys were launched, the crews took to their oars, and they set out on their journey.

Tiber checked his current, and smoothed their path before them, so that all the river lay still and motionless as a deep mountain lake. And over that glassy floor they glided, breaking the green image of the trees which lay mirrored there, and woods and waters were hushed in wonder as the painted galleys swept by, with their freight of warriors, flashing with spear and shield. The sun had passed the zenith when they saw the rude towers and scattered houses of that humble town

on the site of which afterwards stood, and stands even to this day, the Eternal City.

It chanced on that day when Evander, with Pallas his son, and the elders of the little city, was offering sacrifice to Hercules in a shady meadow by the riverside. When they heard the splash of oars, and saw the tall prows rounding a bend of the stream, they rose in alarm from their seats, fearing the approach of an enemy ; and Pallas, snatching up a weapon, took his stand on the high bank of the river, and cried : “ Who are ye that thus invade our waters ? Come ye in peace or in war ? ” “ We come in peace,” answered Æneas from his place on the lofty stern of his vessel. “ We are the sons of Troy, driven by the arms of the Latins to seek your alliance.” “ You are welcome, then,” answered Pallas, “ Come and speak with my father Evander.”

Being led into the presence of Evander, Æneas explained his errand. “ Wonder not, worthy Prince,” he said, “ that I, a child of Troy, ask help of thee, who art of Grecian blood. An ancient tie connects my nation with thine : Dardanus, the father of our race, was a son of Electra, whose son was Atlas ; and Atlas was the father of Maia, from whom are descended the people of Arcadia. Therefore I come to thee in person, trusting to the sacred bond which joins me and thee. We have a common origin and a common foe ; they will not stop when they have driven the Trojans from their land, but

will go on until they have brought you and all Italy under their yoke. Let us join heart and hand against the common peril."

Evander gazed earnestly in the face of Æneas while he spoke, as one who recalls to memory the features of a friend. "Thou art no stranger to me," he answered; "thou hast the very form and features of Anchises, who came to the house of my father as one of the train of royal Priam in the days of my early manhood. Of all the Trojans his was the stateliest and comeliest figure. And he gave me gifts at parting—a quiver of Lycian arrows and a mantle embroidered in gold and two gold pieces—which my son Pallas still has. Therefore right welcome to my roof, and I will give thee the succour which thou desirest; and, as an earnest of our friendship, come and take part in this annual feast to Hercules."

With these kind words of welcome he conducted Æneas to a place of honour, and seated him on a chair of maple wood covered with a shaggy lion's hide. Then the banquet was resumed, and the guests were feasted on the choicest portions of the meat, and cheered with cups of generous wine.

II

When their hunger was appeased and the bowls had been replenished, Evander turned to his guest, and said: "Think not that this is an empty rite,

born of superstition, which ever runs after new gods and new forms of worship, forsaking the old ; no, my friend, it is a debt of deep gratitude which we are paying, in memory of our salvation from dreadful peril. Look yonder at that shattered peak ; see how its sides have been rent and torn, and mark the shivered rocks which strew its base. That seat of desolation was once the home of Cacus, a monster, half man, half brute, who dwelt in a deep, sunless cave, whose floor ran continually with human blood, while the ghastly heads of his victims, smeared with gore, were hung as trophies at his doors. The father of this cannibal giant was Vulcan, and from Vulcan came the fiery blast which poured in smoke and flames from his cavernous maw.¹

“ Long we prayed for help against this scourge of our land, and at last our prayer was answered. For Hercules, after the slaughter of Geryon, passed this way, driving before him the oxen which he had won as the spoils of that victory, and rested in this valley to feed and water his herd. And while he slept in the shadow of the trees Cacus, who lusted after the flesh of the fat beeves, stole four bulls, and as many heifers, the finest of the herd, and hid them in his cave, dragging them backward by their tails, so as to disguise their

¹ Cacus is a personification of volcanic forces, and his cannibal feasts recall the human sacrifices which were once offered to the god of fire (Moloch).

tracks, and make it seem that they had gone the other way. When Hercules awoke he sought in vain for the stolen cattle, and prepared to leave the valley with what remained of the beasts. Missing their companions the steers bellowed loud and long as they moved away, and an answering bellow came from the depths of the cavern where Cacus had concealed his plunder.

“Dire was the rage of Hercules when he heard that signal, and, guided by the sound, he rushed up the rugged path which led to the cave, brandishing his huge club of knotted oak. Cacus, when he saw him coming, let fall a massive block of stone, which was suspended by chains over the entrance, and just as Hercules arrived, panting and furious, the weighty portcullis dropped into its place, barring the way. In vain Hercules flung himself against that stony barrier; even he could not stir it a hair’s breadth.

“There was a tall crag, rising like a pointed spire above the rocky mass which defended the home of Cacus, and a favourite haunt and nesting-place of ravens. Hercules selected this as his point of attack, and, climbing to the roof of the cavern, leaned against the rude column with all his weight, gripping it in his mighty arms; then, after one final heave, he let go, and the vast granite pillar, torn from its foundations, toppled and fell, like an avalanche of stone, damming the stream below, and leaving a black, yawning chasm, like the mouth of

some great furnace when the fires are out. For a moment Hercules stood peering into that infernal pit, which reminded him of the day when he went down into Erebus to fetch the three-headed hound of Pluto, and the pale ghosts fled affrighted from his club and his bow. Far beneath he caught sight of the cowering form of Cacus, who was now howling with terror; and first he assailed the shrinking monster with a shower of rocks, big as millstones, and broken boughs. Driven to extremity Cacus vomited forth a volume of smoke and flame, which filled all the cavern, and poured its choking fumes through the opening above. The undaunted hero, whose foe was thus hidden from view, flung himself into that whirlpool of flame and smoke, and, reaching the bottom, fastened his iron fingers on the throat of Cacus, and strangled him slowly to death.

“Then for the first time we saw the guilty secrets of that cannibal den. The gates of stone were torn from their sockets, the stolen cattle were released, and the hideous corpse of Cacus was dragged forth by the heels. Like some vast dragon he lay, now limp and lifeless, with eyes staring ghastly, and gaping mouth, from which smoke was still oozing.

“Not without reason, therefore, have we built this high altar and instituted this annual feast to the memory of Hercules. And ye too, our kinsmen, should join with all your hearts in the worship of the hero to whom we owe so much.”

Evening came on, and the festival was concluded with dance and song, in which all the famous deeds of Hercules were celebrated by word and music and mimic gesture, but especially his victory over Cacus. Then they entered the city, escorted by Evander, whose talk is all of the ancient legends of the place. "These groves," he said, "were first inhabited by a rude hunter race, who lived on acorns and the flesh of wild beasts. Then came Saturn, and under his placid rule those stony hearts were softened and taught to live in the law of peace and love. That was the golden age, and when it passed fierce times succeeded, and one invader after another swept over the land. It was in that wild age that I came to Italy, led thither by the oracles of my mother, the nymph Carmentis."

So on they passed, through the midst of the Seven Hills, now dotted here and there with rude tenements of wood, but one day to be crowned with marble temple and golden palace. There was seen already the grove which under Romulus became a place of refuge for those brave outlaws, the pioneers of empire, and the cave of Lupercal, where Pan had made his dwelling. There towered the hill of crime, since named Tarpeia, and stained by the blood of many a traitor ; and opposite rose the Capitoline Hill, as now it is called, then a nameless height, covered with a tangle of thicket ; but even then those rocks were a place of awe to

the rude Arcadian colonists, and they whispered the name of Jove and bowed in awful reverence as they passed. Where afterwards stood the Forum, with its thronging multitudes and stately colonnades, oxen and sheep were grazing. And here was the modest home of the shepherd-king Evander. "Yet Hercules," said the patriarch as he ushered Æneas in, "disdained not to stoop his lofty head and enter these humble doors. There is a pride which is above the pride of wealth; for he who wants nothing is a god." It was now growing late, and Æneas soon retired to rest, and slept long and deep on a mattress of leaves, covered by a shaggy bear's skin.

III

Venus was filled with alarm for her son when she saw the formidable coalition which Turnus was gathering against him, and remembering that Vulcan had forged a suit of invulnerable armour for Achilles, she determined to ask the same service for Æneas. Arming herself with all her blandishments she thus preferred her plea to the rugged fire god: "Lord of my love, thou seest what perils are menacing my Trojan hero. As long as the Greeks were fighting against Troy I never asked thy aid. But now he has come by divine command to the fields of Italy, and in serving him thou art serving our common sovereign, Jove. I

beseech thee therefore refuse not to me the boon which thou didst grant to Thetis and to Memnon's mother. Let my champion go to battle sheathed in armour of thy making, and armed with a spear of ethereal temper, like theirs."

The good-natured god readily granted his fair wife's request, and in the chilly hour before dawn, when thrifty housewives leave their warm beds to begin the toils of the day, he entered his subterranean smithy, whose chimney is the towering peak of Etna. There toils the divine smith, with his helpers, the giant Cyclopes, and the fire and smoke of their furnace are belched from Etna's black throat, and all the land heaves and quakes to the shock of their anvils. He found his brawny mates already hard at work shaping a thunderbolt for the armoury of Jove with terror and with tempest and with fire. Others were fashioning a new chariot for Mars ; and one grim giant was busy polishing the dread ægis, the shield of Minerva, where serpents of living gold writhe and hiss, and glares the Gorgon's head, the neck severed, the eyes rolling. "Put all this aside," said the master, entering the forge. "To-day I have other work for you to do. Arms are to be made for a warrior." Forthwith the whole company apply themselves to this new task ; some work the huge bellows, and send the red flames leaping and roaring to the cavern's roof ; some temper the white, hissing blade in water. The molten bronze bubbles in the



Vulcan and the Cyclopes

crucibles and the deadly steel turns from white to red as it takes shape on the anvil.

While Vulcan was thus occupied Evander rose from his lowly couch, awakened by the matin song of birds and the first rays of the dawn. Dressed like a hunter, in a short tunic and a mantle of panther-skin, and followed by two favourite hounds, he entered the chamber of Æneas, whom he found already stirring. "Come, my guest," said Evander, "we have now a quiet hour to discuss thy affairs. First let me tell thee frankly that we are too weak to give thee effectual aid. We are few in number and hard beset by foes. But there is a mighty people encamped not far from here, and ready for war; with them thou shalt march against thy foes. Close to our borders, on the Tuscan side, lies the city of Agylla, a colony from Lydia, and of this city Mezentius was king. He ruled with a rod of iron, and the tale of his cruelties filled all the land with horror. Hear but one example of his enormous guilt: he invented a new kind of torment, binding the living, breast to breast and lip to lip, to the dead, and leaving them to perish by slow decay in that foul embrace. At last his enraged subjects besieged him in his palace, slew his myrmidons, and drove him into exile. He fled to the city of Turnus; but the whole people of Tuscany have banded together, and sworn an oath to bring him to justice. Fleet and army are ready for action, but they still re-

main idle in their stations, waiting for the fulfilment of an oracle, which bids them march to battle under a foreign leader. They sent an embassy to offer the command to me, but I am too old for such a burden, and Pallas, my son, is half Italian by birth. Thou art the man whom fate has called to this great office ; go, and lead the hosts of Italy and Troy to victory. With thee I will send my son—for where could he better learn the lessons of chivalry than under thy banner ?—and four hundred picked horsemen, the flower of Arcadia, shall go with him.”

When Evander had finished Æneas remained silent, his face clouded with doubt and anxiety. “ Can I be the leader of whom the oracle spoke ? ” he murmured at last ; and as if in answer to his question a loud peal of thunder came from the cloudless sky, shaking the whole house, followed by another and yet another peal, and mingled with the hoarse blare of Tuscan trumpets sounding to arms. Looking up they saw the red gleam of weapons flashing in the sunlight, and all the air shook with the din of battle. All sat quaking with fear, save only Æneas, who read the meaning of that vision of war. “ It is a signal from my goddess-mother,” he said ; “ hereby I know that I am called to this command. Turnus, thy doom is sealed ! But, alas ! by what a path of blood must I pass to my destined goal.”

Choosing a few of his comrades to accompany

him on his mission Æneas sent the rest back to carry the news of his movements to the camp at the river's mouth. Evander provided horses for the journey into Tuscany, and when the little band was mounted and ready to start he embraced Æneas, and bade him farewell with these moving words: "Would that I were now as in the days of my lusty youth, when I slew the faery king Erulus, who had three lives, and rose three times from the dead! Then had I not thus been torn, sweet Pallas, from thy embrace, nor had I needed another's hand to avenge my wrongs. Pity me, O ye merciful powers, and grant my prayer. If I am to see the living face of my child when this war is over, then let me live until that joyful day; but if ye envy me this gift, and aught untoward awaits him, then may I die, even now, in this hour, holding my child in my arms." His prayer was heard; but the gods willed it otherwise.

The gallant little troop passed through the gates of the city, Æneas and Achates leading with the Trojans; after them came Pallas, riding in the centre of the Arcadian cavalry, and easily distinguished by the bright colours of his cloak and the device on his shield. Fair as the morning star seemed the youth, and many an anxious eye followed him and his glittering train from the battlements until they disappeared in the woods. Presently they reached the open plain, and, quickening their pace to a gallop, thundered along in close

order towards the Tuscan frontier. Then they came to a rising ground leading upward to the top of a wooded hill, and when they had attained the summit they saw all the hosts of Tuscany encamped in the valley beneath. Here Æneas called a halt, and sent forward a herald to announce his presence to Tarchon, the Tuscan general; and while the rest of his company were tending their horses and preparing a meal, he withdrew to a secluded spot to await the return of his messenger.

While thus he sat, lost in thought, a sudden gleam of more than earthly light flashed in the neighbouring thicket, and the radiant form of his goddess-mother stood before him. "Behold, I bring thee the weapons wrought by the hands of my husband," said Venus, and showed him the place where the work of the divine artist was laid out in bright array—arms such as mortal champion had never worn before: the crested, fire-breathing helm; the death-dealing sword; the massive brazen corselet, blazing with an angry light, like the red fringe of a thunder-cloud; the greaves, inlaid with gold; and the ponderous lance.

But what words can tell of all the wonders of the shield and the pictured history wrought on its surface by the fire god? Here Æneas, when Venus had departed, saw displayed all the deeds of his posterity and all the tale of Rome. There was seen Romulus and his twin-brother nursed by the grim she-wolf; here was pictured the rape



"The Goddess-Mother stood before Him"

By permission of Mr. Frederick Hollyer

of the Sabine women, with the war which followed, and the treaty which united the three races. Not far from these stood the haughty Porsena, bringing back Tarquin, the tyrant ; and Horatius keeping the bridge single-handed against an army. Here towered the citadel on the Capitoline Hill, and the Gauls were seen creeping through the bushes to the assault ; but the sacred geese gave signal of their approach, and Manlius called the garrison to arms.

Far below was displayed the house of torment, where guilty souls do penance for their misdeeds, and conspicuous among them was the arch-felon Catiline, chained to a hanging rock, and tormented by fiends. And near this den accursed were those blessed seats in which dwell the spirits of the just, with Cato, the whitest soul of all, giving laws in their midst.

Bordering each pictured panel ran the broad waters of the sea, its waves fashioned in gold, with silver foam, and in the centre a wide space was left, on which was portrayed the famous sea-fight of Actium. On one side were the light galleys of the Romans, led by Augustus and the faithful Agrippa ; on the other side loomed the gigantic hulls of Antonius, swarming with all the hordes of the corrupt and barbarous East, and in their centre, O shame to tell ! were seen the silken sails of the gilded vessel in which sat Cleopatra, his Egyptian spouse. Above the helm of Augustus

beamed a bright star, the happy star of Julius, and all the guardian spirits of Rome were arrayed on his side. On the cliffs of Leucate stood an armed multitude watching the fray. And now they rush to battle, and all the sea is churned into foam ; like islands torn from their foundations, or mountains afloat, the huge galleons of Egypt sweep down upon the Roman fleet. Long and deadly is the conflict ; but at length fire begins to break out among the ships of Antonius, and Cleopatra gives the signal for retreat. The mourning Nile receives the fugitives into his bosom, and there the guilty queen and the lover whom she had betrayed find their doom.

Last of all, to close this eventful history, was seen the triumph of Augustus after his victory. It was a day of solemn festival in Rome, and all the streets were thronged by the joyful people ; every altar smoked, and every temple was filled with songs of thanksgiving. A long procession of captives passed before the gazing multitude. Of every nation and of every language were they : the swarthy African, and the Arab in his flowing gown, the yellow Tartar, the Celt, and the Teuton. For on that day all peoples owned one yoke, from the wild waters of Araxes to the Atlantic waves.

Long sat Æneas poring on the great events whose image he saw on the shield ; at last he rose, and went to rejoin his comrades, bearing on his shoulders the deeds and the fame of his sons.

The Attack on the Trojan Camp

I

DURING the absence of Æneas the Trojans had occupied themselves in completing the fortifications of their camp. Their defences were just perfected when they saw a cloud of dust rising on the outskirts of the plain to the south of their position, and, obedient to their leader's orders, they withdrew within their rampart to await the attack. The gates were closed, and every man was at his post, just as Turnus, with a picked body of cavalry, galloped up to the edge of the fosse. Mounted on a grey charger, and conspicuous by his gigantic stature and the red plume of his helmet, he rode slowly round, looking for some weak point in the defences where he might begin the assault. Like a hungry wolf stalking all night round a sheepfold, listening to the bleating flock, and lusting after the fatlings, so Turnus stalked and glared, thirsting for Trojan blood, until his eyes lighted on the spot where the ships of Æneas had been drawn up, outside the rampart of the camp. "Bring fire!" he shouted to his men; "let us burn their ships first; we can

deal with the crews presently." Fires were burning close at hand, which had been kindled by the Trojans to prepare their morning meal and abandoned at the approach of Turnus ; by means of these every hand was quickly armed with a flaming torch, and they rushed to the work of destruction, Turnus leading the way.

The fleet of *Æneas* had been built of timber taken from the sacred grove of *Ida*—maple and stately pine, the delight and pride of *Cybele*, to whom all that mountain is consecrated—and *Jupiter* had promised that whatever ships reached the shores of *Tiber* should be exempted from the common decay and turned into an immortal shape. The time was now come for the fulfilment of that promise. At the moment when the Trojans were preparing to sally forth in defence of their vessels a strange light appeared in the east, and a voice was heard issuing from a golden cloud : " Trouble not yourselves, Trojans, to save your ships ; *Cybele* knows how to defend her own. Go free, ye sacred barques of *Ida*, and be henceforth goddesses of the sea ; your mother bids it." Forthwith life seemed to enter into the galleys ; they broke from their moorings, and, plunging into the river, quickly emerged as river-nymphs, with dripping hair, and white arms cleaving the waves.

The Rutulians stared aghast, and *Tiber* himself shrank backward in amaze at that wondrous por-

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tent. But not so the daring Turnus ; his spirits rose when he saw the ships thus strangely transformed, and he read another meaning in the miracle. " Go to ! " he said, chiding his followers. " Why stand ye thus pale and affrighted ? See ye not that Heaven itself is fighting against the Trojans, and cutting off their last means of escape ? They are delivered into my hands ; they shall find here foes of a sort other than the Greeks, who sat down ten years before the city of Priam. I shall need no wooden horse, no subtle snare ; face to face, in the broad light of day, I will confront them in their lair, and stamp out the remnant of an accursed race that has dared, in Heaven's despite, to seek a footing on our shores."

So boastfully spake Turnus in his ignorance of fate ; and as evening was now approaching he gave orders to form the blockade. Fourteen captains, acting under the directions of Messapus, and with a hundred men serving under each, were told off to keep a strict watch on the leaguer of the Trojans. All night long the anxious garrison saw the sentinels pacing up and down, while the others, relieved from duty or awaiting their turn, sat round their watch fires, and beguiled the hours with song and wassail. Not less vigilant were the leaders whom Æneas had left in charge : the fastenings of the gates were carefully examined, and every precaution was taken to guard against a surprise.

II

The chosen warder of the gates was Nisus, a brave warrior and mighty hunter, the son of a nymph of Ida ; and by his side stood the fair lad Euryalus, whom he loved as an elder brother and trained in all deeds of valour and hardihood. The night was already far advanced, and the enemy seemed to have relaxed somewhat of their vigilance; their fires were burning low, and the sentinels were slumbering at their stations. "Look, Euryalus," said Nisus to his youthful comrade, "the wine has done its work, and the whole camp is asleep. Is it a god who has put this thought into my heart, or an evil spirit, tempting me to my ruin ? Across yonder hill lies the way to Evander's city, and I am fain to take my way thither, and inform Æneas of the strait in which we are now standing. Thou shalt have the reward which cannot be denied me after so signal a service ; and as for me, the fame shall be my recompense."

"And shall I," replied Euryalus, glowing with youthful ardour—"shall I have no share in the fame of this deed ? Have I not been nursed in the midst of perils and taught to regard honour as dearer than life ?" "I know," said Nisus, "thy fiery spirit. Worthy art thou to tread the path of honour and share the perils and the prizes of high ambition. But I would not drag thy

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tender youth with me into this great hazard. If I fall, let there be one left to ransom my body for burial or pay at least the tribute of tears at my empty tomb. Neither would I bring sorrow on thy brave mother, who alone among all the Trojan matrons has followed the fortunes of her son to Italy." "Thou wastest thy breath in idle pleas," answered the wilful boy; "I am resolved to go with thee. Come, let us seek an audience of the Prince." Overborne by his importunity Nisus gave way, and, calling up two of their comrades to relieve guard, they left the gate, and turned their steps towards the royal pavilion, where the chiefs were still sitting in council.

Leaning on their spears, with shield on arm, the princes and elders stood anxiously debating on the best means of communicating with their absent leader, when the two bold youths were led into their presence. Nisus forthwith unfolded his plan, which coincided so opportunely with the subject under discussion, and explained that he had already reconnoitred the ground while hunting with Euryalus, and followed the forest paths to the neighbourhood of Pallanteum. "Now praised be the gods," said Aletes, a grey-bearded warrior, famed for his valour and wisdom; "surely they have not abandoned us altogether, since they have left such spirits as these among us. In your own hearts you will find your best reward, brave lads; and as for other recompense, Æneas and his son will

pay the debt with full hands." "I will answer for that," said Iulus, who was present in virtue of his rank. "Two silver goblets I will give them and two talents of gold ; and if ever the day of victory dawns on us thou, Nisus, shalt have the arms and the charger of Turnus and the best of the land in the royal demesne of Latinus. And thou, Euryalus, who art nearer my own age, shalt henceforth be my bosom comrade and friend."

"Grant me but one request," answered Euryalus : "I have an aged mother, whom I am leaving without a word of farewell, for I could not bear the sight of her tears. Be thou her comfort and stay whatever befalls me ; I shall go bolder into peril if I can take this hope with me." "Fear naught as to that," said Iulus, moved himself to tears ; "she shall be as a second mother to me, and find in me another son." Then he gave Euryalus his own sword, a fine weapon, wrought by a famous armourer of Crete, and fitted with a sheath of ivory.

Dismissed with prayers and blessings, and charged with many a message to Æneas, they passed through the gates, and entered the hostile camp. The ground was thick strewn with sleepers, who lay breathing heavily by the side of their chariots, among goblets overturned and pools of wine. "Follow me at a distance," whispered Nisus, "and keep a good lookout, that we be not attacked from behind ; and as we advance let

us leave these wassailers a memorial of our visit." Close by a tall warrior lay sleeping on a purple carpet ; his swollen features and stertorous breathing showed that he had drunk long and deep that night. Him Nisus selected as his first victim. Three grooms were stretched on the ground by the side of a chariot, and their master slumbered close by, with his head thrown back, exposing his brawny neck. With three swift strokes Nisus slew the grooms : one more, and the master lay a headless trunk. Then he came to a comely youth, whose hand still grasped the dice-box, with which he had been playing when he fell asleep ; and he was sent with the others, to finish his game on the banks of the Styx. And so he advanced to the borders of the camp, leaving a track of slaughter behind him. Meanwhile Euryalus had not been idle, but had added a score of victims to those slain by Nisus. At last Nisus signalled to him to desist, for the night was far spent, and it would have been madness to stay longer. Catching up a fine helmet which lay in his path Euryalus set it on his head, and joined his comrade, who had already left the camp behind him.

Just at this moment a troop of three hundred horsemen, lately despatched from Laurentum, approached the camp of Turnus. The two friends heard the tramp of horses, and strove to hide themselves in the shadows of the trees ; but a

gleam from that unlucky helmet which Euryalus had taken betrayed their presence to the enemy. "Stand!" shouted the captain of the troop when he saw the helmet flash; but, getting no answer, he ordered his men to surround the thicket where Nisus and his companion had taken refuge. The wood was dense and dark and the path but faintly marked, so that Euryalus, bewildered by the shouts which he heard all round him, missed the way, and struggled vainly to extricate himself from the jungle. Nisus, who had meanwhile cleared the wood and eluded the ring of horsemen, suddenly found that his friend was missing, and rushed back in search of him, seeking the spot where the trampling and shouting were loudest. He was not left long in doubt: in the middle of a small clearing he saw Euryalus surrounded by the horsemen and struggling vainly in the hands of his captors. Maddened by that sight Nisus poised a javelin, and hurled it with prodigious force into the thick of the troop. It struck one of their number in the back, and he fell from his horse, and rolled in agony on the ground, with the point protruding from his breast. Before the enemy had recovered from their surprise a second javelin whizzed through the darkness, and another trooper fell, pierced through the temples. Then the enraged captain, who saw his men falling by an unseen hand (for Nisus was hidden behind the trunk of an oak, to which he had retired after launching

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his weapon) drew his sword, and rushed upon Euryalus, crying: "Thou shalt pay for both!" Then Nisus, flinging all caution aside, sprang from his concealment, and forced his way into the centre of the group, shrieking, in the extremity of terror and grief: "Spare him! Spare him! It was I who did it; shed not the blood of that innocent child." But it was too late; already the sword of the Rutulian had pierced that white bosom; already that fair head was drooping like a poppy flower heavy with rain, and blood streamed in torrents over those shapely limbs.

Nisus had now but one thought: with desperate valour he hewed his way to where the slayer of Euryalus stood, and clove him to the chin with one last furious blow; then he sank down, pierced by a hundred wounds, and died clasping the form of Euryalus in a faint embrace.

In life they loved faithfully and in death they were not divided; and their memory lives for ever, enshrined in immortal song.

III

The camp of the Trojans was defended in the rear by the River Tiber, and strongly fortified by earthworks and palisades, with high flanking towers of wood jutting out from the wall, and a deep moat for the first line of defence. At the first peep of dawn a movement was observed in

the hostile camp, and by sunrise the enemy were seen advancing in dense masses to the attack. On came the armed multitude, with clamour and fierce outcry, burning to avenge their slaughtered comrades ; and in the van, raised aloft on two spears, were borne the ghastly heads of Nisus and Euryalus.

At this moment of suspense, when all eyes were fixed on those horrid trophies, an awful shriek rang out from the wall, and an aged woman was seen leaning with outstretched arms and ashen face from the battlements. " O my son Euryalus," she cried in heart-rending tones, " is it thus that thou returnest to me ? O cruel, cruel to leave me thus without a word ! I watched thee growing, like a young olive-tree, from bud to blossom, and hoped soon to see the fruit ; but the storm has taken thee, and thou liest torn and shattered, and all thy promise marred."

With gentle constraint the poor woman was led away from the battlements and consigned to the care of her attendants ; for now the trumpets sounded a sterner summons, and the grim face of war scowled near at hand. Already a party of the enemy had begun to fill up the moat, and others were coming on with scaling ladders to carry the place by storm. Well accustomed to repel such attacks, the Trojans plied the enemy with javelins, and hurled down huge stones to break through the advancing wall of shields. At first the Rutulians were driven back, and, retiring to a

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distance, continued the attack with javelins and arrows.

There was a tall wooden tower, built before an angle of the wall, and connected by bridges with the main line of defence ; against this Turnus now advanced with a picked body of men, under a shower of missiles from the Trojans who thronged the turret. Every loophole bristled with javelins and arrows, and the battle was at its hottest, when suddenly a cry of fire was heard, and smoke and flame began to issue from the bottom storey. The alarmed defenders left their posts, and huddled in dismay on the winding staircase, to make their escape by the bridge ; but the frail structure, hastily built, and now undermined by fire, was overbalanced by the struggling mass of men, and toppled with a crash to the ground, carrying a hundred men with it. Pierced by their own weapons or by broken timbers they perished miserably among the flames, only two emerging unhurt. One of these, a young Lydian, armed with sword and shield, sprang nimbly from the ruins, and, being hemmed in on all sides, hurled himself, bold as a lion, on the serried ranks of his enemies, and found a soldier's death. The other, a Trojan named Lycus, escaped for the moment, and strove desperately to climb the walls and reach the helping hands of his comrades held out to him from above ; with one powerful leap he gained a projecting cornice with his hands, and was

just drawing himself up when Turnus caught him by the feet, and plucked him away ; down he came, dragging part of the wall with him, and was despatched by Turnus with one stroke of his sword.

Encouraged by their success the besiegers returned with fresh energy to the assault. The Trojans defended themselves with vigour, and many deeds of valour were performed on both sides. Then for the first time the young Iulus aimed an arrow against a human foe. There was a certain Remulus, who had lately wedded a sister of Turnus, and was much puffed up in spirit by that alliance. The night before he had bragged loudly as he sat drinking by the camp fire of the bold deeds which he intended to perform on the morrow. "These wretched Trojans," he had said—"what chance have they against the hardy sons of Italy, whose mothers plunge them in the icy mountain streams at their birth, whose pastime is war, whose life is passed in endless toil and privation ? Shall a royal princess of Italy be given to the leader of this unmanly crew ?"

This brave talker now strode up to the brink of the moat and began hurling his taunts at the Trojans. "Ye men—or rather ye gentle dames—of Phrygia, have ye come hither to dance to our piping, as once ye danced while the Greeks made music for your ears ? Go to, now, drop shield and spear, which ill become your tender hands ! Put

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on your silken turbans and flowing robes, and leave this rude business of war to men."

"Grant me, great Jove, to silence that saucy tongue for ever!" cried Iulus. A peal of thunder answered his prayer, and at the same moment his bow twanged, and the braggart fell, pierced through the temples. "How likest thou the dancing of Phrygian dames?" shouted Iulus; and the Trojans cheered lustily at their young Prince's lucky shot. "Well done, brave boy!" said Butes, a white-haired warrior, who had formerly been the armour-bearer of Anchises, and now, by command of Æneas, had Iulus under his special care, "but now I must bring thee to a place of safety, and not suffer thee longer to hazard thy precious life."

Iulus obeyed reluctantly, and after he had withdrawn from the ramparts the fight was resumed on both sides with fresh vigour. A rain of missiles from bow and sling rattled on wall and helmet and shield, and the roar of battle echoed among the distant hills.

Two gigantic Trojan brothers, Bitias and Pandarus, had been charged with the defence of the main gate of the camp. Confident in their powers they unbarred the gate, and, standing within on either side, awaited the inrush of the enemy. The Rutulians were not slow to accept the invitation, thinking, no doubt, that they had friends in the camp; but they found a grim welcome as they charged through the open gates, and

a heap of corpses soon blocked the entrance. The Trojans hastened to support their comrades, and, led by the two giant warders, ventured to sally forth and engage the besiegers hand to hand.

Turnus, who was fighting in another part of the field, was summoned by a messenger to the relief of his comrades, now hard pressed by the furious sally of Bitias and Pandarus. With all speed he hurried to the scene of that encounter, and his arrival gave a different aspect to the fray. One after another the Trojans went down before his javelins, hurled with deadly precision and force. Then he marked the huge form of Bitias, who was still hewing among the ranks of the Rutulians, like a mower with his scythe. No common weapon would have availed against that colossal champion ; so Turnus armed himself with a weighty spear, and poising it over his head, hurled it with all his strength at Bitias. Through the sevenfold shield it went, through the coat of mail, and sunk deep into his side, and down went the Trojan Goliath, as when a huge pile of masonry is undermined by a flood and scatters the ground with ruin.

The Trojans were seized with panic when they saw their leader's fall, and they turned, and fled back to the open gate. Pandarus was among the last, and with a mighty heave of his vast shoulders he succeeded in shutting the gates, though several of his comrades, who had not yet entered, were thus left at the mercy of the enemy. Having

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drawn the bolts he turned round, and saw to his amazement that he had unwittingly shut in with him the terrible warrior who had just slain his brother. With blood-red crest and flashing shield Turnus, huge of limb as himself, gave forth his battle cry, and challenged the whole host of the Trojans, sword in hand.

“What, art thou here?” cried Pandarus; “now shalt thou pay the price of my brother’s blood.” With that he caught up a long pike, whose shaft was the unbarked stem of a young ash-tree, and flung it at Turnus. “Thou hast missed,” said the Rutulian as the spear flew harmless over his shoulder; “now mark how my blade goes home.” And, rising to his full height, he lifted his sword, and, throwing all his weight into the blow, launched the keen weapon at the head of Pandarus, and clove him to the chin. So frightful was the stroke that the head was split like an apple into two equal halves, which hung over either shoulder. The Trojans shrank back in dismay when they saw that monstrous wound; and if Turnus had thought of unbarring the gates and admitting his comrades, on that day the last light of Troy would have been quenched. But the hot youth was carried away by the lust of slaughter, and, like a wolf in the sheepfold, he sprang upon the huddled masses of the Trojans, and filled the camp with carnage. Then first fell Phalaris, and the Lydian Gyges, whom he houghed with a stroke of his

sword and then speared in the back. Amycus, a famous hunter, was the next victim ; and Cretheus, a sweet minstrel, the darling of the Muses, whose song was ever of battles and heroes and the war-steed's tramp, was sent to chant his own dirge by the waters of Cocytus ; and many another went down before that destroying arm.

At last Mnestheus and Serestus, the chief captains of the beleaguered army, succeeded in allaying the panic, and advanced with a picked body of Trojans against this second Achilles who was working havoc in their midst. When Turnus saw that phalanx of spears and shields he slowly gave ground, and retired towards that side of the camp which skirted the river. Step by step he fell back, glaring like an angry lion assailed by a host of hunters. Yet twice he turned to bay, and twice he compelled his assailants to fall back. But their numbers were increasing every moment, and a storm of missiles clattered on his shield and helm. His crest was torn off, his armour was shivered, and a score of spears pressed upon his shield ; and, being thus borne backward to the bank of the Tiber, he turned suddenly, and with one bold leap plunged into the middle of the stream. The waters reddened where he sank, and after a long pause they saw him emerge at a point beyond the reach of their weapons and swim towards a group of his comrades, who were watching him from the shore.

Pallas, Lausus, and Mezentius

I

THE gods are holding a solemn session in the halls of Olympus, convoked by a special summons from Jove, the father of gods and king of men. When all are seated the monarch of heaven opens the debate: "What means this deadly strife which has arisen between the Italians and Trojans? Which of you is the author of the mischief, contrary to my express command? The day will come when Italy and Carthage shall meet in deadly conflict for the empire of the world. But that time is far distant, and this present war disturbs the settled order of fate."

Then Venus rose, with signs of fear and distress on her face. "How long," she began, "shall malice have licence to persecute me and my Trojans? Is the tale of Troy's misery to be told over again? Shall I, thy daughter, bleed a second time in that cause, and shall another Diomedes point his spear against me? Nay, if the oracles have spoken falsely, and fate forbids them to settle in Italy, if Æneas and his army are doomed to perish, at least let me save the boy Iulus, that

he may end his days in peaceful obscurity as a servant of my temple in Cyprus or Cythera. But why didst thou suffer them to survive the flames of Troy, and a thousand perils by sea and land, if now they must perish, when they have reached the promised goal? Dost thou ask who is the author of this mischief? Behold her there, sitting at thy side, thy royal consort, Juno. She it was who raised the storm which scattered their fleet, who prompted the women to burn the ships in Sicily, and brought up the fiend Allecto to kindle the flame of war in Italy."

Juno was not slow in taking up the challenge. "Why dost thou provoke me," said she, "to break the seal of silence and bare my wounds to view? Was it I, or his own folly, which drove *Æneas* to abandon his camp and wander at large in quest of allies? It is a shame that the Trojans should be attacked and the second Troy threatened with extinction. And has *Turnus* no rights? Was not *Lavinia* solemnly pledged to him? And shall he suffer his affianced bride to be given to another and his land brought under a foreign yoke? Thou hast bitterly complained of the malice which pursues the Trojans, forbidding them to find rest for the sole of their foot. Turn thine eyes backward to the past, and answer me this: Who gave the first cause of offence—who sent the villain *Paris* to carry the vices of Asia into the home of his friend and host? I fling thy charges back, and

tell thee that if the Trojans are doomed to disaster thou art the cause."

Like the voice of the wind complaining among the mountain pines, such was the sound heard among the immortals when Juno had ceased ; and some favoured one side, some the other. Then the almighty sire raised his hand, and prepared to speak. At that signal every murmur was hushed ; earth trembled on her base, the heaven stooped to listen, the restless winds stood still, and ocean smoothed his azure brow. " Give ear, all ye sons of heaven, and let my words sink into your minds. Fate hangs in equal balance, and no hand must touch the scale. Since the treaty is broken let them fight this quarrel out, and by their own right hands decide, if they can, the issue. There is one king and lord of all, even I, Jove ; and fate will find a way."

He nodded his immortal head, and swore an oath by the dark waters of Styx, the greatest and most awful thing by which a god can swear.

II

The Trojans were still closely beset, and the hopes of the Rutulians rose high when they saw how few the defenders were, extended in a thin line around the rampart of their camp. But help was now at hand : Æneas had succeeded beyond hope in his mission, and was already sailing

with the whole Tuscan force towards the Tiber's mouth. Thirty ships carried the infantry, numbering some five thousand men ; while the cavalry were sent on by land, to await the arrival of the ships at a place appointed.

It was midnight, and the moon was riding high in heaven. Æneas, whose cares suffered him not to sleep, had himself taken charge of the helm, and was steering his vessel across the gently heaving waters. Suddenly he heard a plashing sound, as when some skilful swimmer divides the waves, and a band of sea-nymphs appeared in the vessel's wake, with streaming hair, and white limbs gleaming beneath the eddies. They formed a crescent round the stern of their galley, and one, who seemed their leader, laid a hand on the bulwark, and spake to him thus : " Behold thy faithful barques, the children of Ida, now changed by the great Idæan mother into nymphs. We bring thee tidings of thy son, now hemmed in by the hostile swords of Latium ; but fear nothing, the Arcadian horse are already near at hand to succour him, and to-morrow thou shalt see his face and scatter the hosts of Turnus with great slaughter."

The choir of Nereids sank in the next moment out of sight ; but a strange life seemed to have entered into the galley, and she bounded forward with incredible speed, closely followed by the rest of the fleet, and when day dawned they found themselves off the mouth of the Tiber, full in view

of the beleaguered camp. A shout of joy from the defenders on the ramparts greeted their appearance and was answered by a lusty cheer from the sea.

With very different feelings the Rutulians saw the advent of those thirty galleys, as they came rushing shoreward, thronged with stern faces and bristling with spear and shield. On the prow of the foremost vessel stood Æneas, cased from head to foot in his divine armour ; his helmet seemed crested with fire, and his shield flamed with a red angry light, as when a comet burns in the northern sky,

“And from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.”¹

Turnus alone gazed undaunted on that portentous sight. “Now praise be to Heaven,” he cried, “by whose grace our labour is shortened, and all our foes are brought together within reach of our swords.” Saying this, and followed by the boldest of his men, he hastened down to the margin of the sea to dispute the landing. Already Æneas and Tarcho, the Tuscan leader, were beginning to disembark their crews. Some in their eagerness sprang into the sea before their vessel had touched land, and waded or floated through the surf ; others were swarming down the gangways thrust out from the high sterns of the galleys. Tarcho himself ordered his captain to beach his vessel, but in performing this dangerous manœuvre the

¹ Milton, “Paradise Lost,” ii. 710.

ship was caught on a sunken ridge, and after hanging balanced for a long time parted in the midst, and scattered her crew on the waves.

Meanwhile a furious struggle had begun on the beach. Æneas led the van, and struck down a tall champion, who stood ready to oppose his passage, cleaving his brazen corselet and laying open his side with one sweep of his sword. Next he slew two giant brothers who came against him, each armed with a mace, and with a javelin stopped the mouth of another in the midst of his loud battle cry. There was a gay and gaudy youth named Cydon in the army of Turnus whose rash spirit led him to face the Trojan hero, and he too would have shared the same fate had not his seven brothers advanced, shoulder to shoulder, to his support. Seven spears, hurled together, rattled on the armour of Æneas, but did him no harm; and he with his single hand slew three of the seven, while the faithful Achates stood ready by his side, supplying him with fresh weapons. The Italians on their side maintained the struggle with great resolution, and many of the Trojans fell; and so the battle swayed to and fro, on the very threshold of Italy, and the beach grew slippery with blood.

III

In another part of the field the Arcadian cavalry, led by Pallas, were advancing to join the main body

of the Tuscan army. Embarrassed by broken and rocky ground they were compelled to abandon their horses and continue their march on foot, and being thus caught at a disadvantage by the enemy they turned their backs, and fled. Their youthful captain flung himself in the way, and by mingled prayers and reproaches brought them to a stand, and then, setting them an example of daring, he charged, spear in hand, against the centre of the hostile column. The first who felt the weight of his hand was one Lagus, who was just stooping to pick up a weighty stone when the spear of Pallas crashed through the middle of his spine. While he was wrenching out the spear Hisbo, a comrade and friend of Lagus, made furiously at him, thinking to take him unawares ; but Pallas saw him coming, and pierced him through the lungs with his sword. His next victims were a pair of twins, Larides and ThyMBER, so alike that their own parents could not distinguish them, which gave matter for much pleasant mirth. But Pallas marked them by a cruel distinction, for he lopped off ThyMBER's head with one blow of his sword, and with another he severed the right hand of Larides, which lay with twitching fingers, as if seeking to grasp its weapon.

Seeing the valiant deeds of their young captain, the Arcadians recovered from their panic, and rallied to his support. And as a little fire kindled by a shepherd in a thicket spreads and propagates

itself from bush to bush and from tree to tree, until the whole mountain-side is wrapped in a sheet of roaring flame, so spread the flames of battle along the Tiber's banks, and squadron pressed on squadron to join the fiery revel. On one side were the Arcadians and Etruscans, with their leader Pallas ; on the other side Lausus, his equal in years and in valour, led on the hosts of Latium. Well matched were the two young chiefs, fair of form, and stainless in their lives, and worthy to meet each other in honour's field ; but fate kept them apart that day, and reserved each for a mightier foe.

The battle was at its height, and many were falling on both sides, when a shout was heard among the ranks of the Latins : " A Turnus ! A Turnus ! " and the impetuous Prince of Ardea was seen driving his car at a gallop towards the spot where Pallas fought. " Make room ! " he cried. " Leave this young paladin to me ; I will pay him home, and would that his father were here to see it."

A space was cleared in the centre of the field, and the young Prince of the Arcadians stood face to face with his giant foe. With eyes undaunted he measured the huge limbs of the Rutulian, who had now alighted from his chariot, and was advancing to meet him on foot. Planting his feet firmly, he poised his spear for a cast, and put up a prayer to Hercules : " Hear me, mighty son of Jove, who once didst sit as a guest at my

father's table : let Turnus fall by my spear, and with his dying eyes behold me spoiling him of his armour." Hercules heard him, and groaned in spirit, for he knew that this might not be. Turnus was now close at hand ; the weapon flew, and, forcing its way through the rim of the shield, slightly grazed his shoulder. " Now let me see if my steel bites deeper," said Turnus, brandishing a massive lance, broad of blade, with shaft of oak. Straight to the mark it went, pierced through shield and corselet, and sank deep into the young hero's breast. Pallas tore the weapon from his side, and his blood gushed in torrents from the wound ; then down he fell on his face, and bit the dust in his dying agony.

" I leave the body to you, men of Arcady," said Turnus, bestriding his victim. " Carry it to his father for burial ; he will find Æneas a costly guest." Then stooping he took from the shoulders of Pallas a broad belt embossed with gold, on which was engraved the story of the daughters of Danaus, who slew their husbands on the bridal night. It was a choice piece of work, done by a master's hand, and Turnus exulted in the costly spoil. Costly indeed it proved to him who won it, and the day was not far distant when Turnus bitterly rued his victory and his prize.

Before long news was brought to Æneas that Pallas had fallen. Inflamed with grief and anger he hastened to that part of the field where the

Arcadians were beginning to give ground before the first assaults of Turnus. And as the ripe grass falls under a mower's scythe, so did the Prince of Troy hew a way for himself with his sword, leaving a path of slaughter behind him. Then one at whom he was aiming his spear evaded the point by a quick movement, and, running up, clasped his knees. "Spare me," he cried, "spare me to my father and my little son. I have a house stored with silver and gold, and will buy my life with a great price." "If thou hast gold thy son will be the richer by thy death," answered Æneas; "there can be no such traffic in men's lives now that my Pallas is slain." And grasping him with his left hand by the helmet he drew back his head, and with one quick thrust stopped his prayers. Another raised his shield to parry a blow from that destroying sword; but the blade descended, and arm and shield rolled together in the dust. One, bolder than the rest, came to meet him, spear in hand; but Æneas drove his lance with one powerful thrust through shield and breastplate, and, holding him thus, smote off his head, and spurned the trunk with his foot, so that it rolled down the bank into the river, where it found hideous burial in the fishes' ravening maw.

Like that dragon of ancient story who, with a hundred hands, and in every hand a sword, rose up against the sovereign might of Jove, with such fury and such might Æneas swept the plain,

dealing death at every step. When the Trojans, who were still confined in their camp, saw the victorious course of their redoubted chief they threw open their gates, and poured out to the support of their allies.

IV

Thus Æneas with his single arm had turned the tide of war ; and Jove sat watching him from his throne above the clouds. "How sayest thou, Juno," he said, "is there no manhood left among the Trojans, or is all this the work of thy rival Venus ?" "Ah ! mock not my sorrow," answered Juno with unwonted humility. "If thou lovedst me as of yore thou wouldst not refuse to grant me the life of Turnus, thy pious worshipper, and of race divine. But if this is too much to ask, yet grant me a little boon : suffer me to save him for this once, and add a span to the life which I know, alas ! is forfeited to fate."

Jupiter bowed his head in assent, and forthwith Juno shot down from the zenith like a falling star, and stood unseen in the midst of the warring Trojans and Italians. Then by the power of the goddess a shape was created like unto Æneas in face and in form, in voice and in gesture, wielding the same weapons and clad in the same armour. Where the battle was thickest stalked that ghostly warrior, brandishing his spear, and provoking the

champions of Italy to the combat. Turnus, seeing, as he thought, his great enemy before him, hurled his spear, and the wraith of Æneas turned his back, and fled. Not less delighted than surprised the deluded Rutulian rushed in pursuit, crying : " Halt, coward ! With this right hand I will measure thee a portion in the land of Italy."

Beneath a high rock near the harbour mouth was moored a tall Tuscan galley connected by a gangway with the shore ; thither sped the fugitive, and, flying across the gangway, hid himself in the vessel's hold. Turnus followed, sword in hand, but no sooner had he touched the deck than Juno broke the moorings of the galley, and she was swept away seaward by the tide. The phantom now emerged from its hiding-place, rose into the air, and melted away among the clouds. What was the despair of Turnus when he saw how he had been deceived ! With frantic cries and gestures he rushed to the vessel's side, and gazed on the receding shores and the field of battle, where his comrades were falling fast beneath the sword of Æneas. Thrice he tried to leap into the sea and reach the shore by swimming, and thrice he pointed his weapon at his own breast, resolved to shun dishonour by death, but each time the unseen power of the goddess restrained him. Meanwhile the ship, guided by the same mysterious hand, pursued her way, and landed him at last under the walls of his native city.

Turnus having left the field his place was taken by Mezentius, the banished tyrant of Agylla. A cry of rage and hate went up from the lines of Tuscany when they saw the savage features of their terrible King as he came on, followed by the ministers of his cruelty who shared his exile, and with one consent every weapon was aimed against him. Next to Turnus he was the most renowned warrior in Italy; like some jutting headland, exposed to all the fury of the waves he stood, defying every assault and dealing out death with every blow. Then fell Mimas, a Trojan born on the same night with the fatal Paris, and Acron, a Greek from Tuscany, who had left his new-wedded bride, and was never to see her face again. Like a wild boar, grown to huge bulk in sylvan solitudes, and driven at last from his retreat by hounds and hunters, with foaming tusks and bristling neck, he stands at bay, and none dares approach him, but they surround him in a ring, and ply him with darts: so fought the ruffian King, hemmed in on every side, and his shield bristled with the javelins which were rained against him. Whenever he made a charge his foes drew back, and one of their number bit the dust.

At length Æneas, who had been ranging the field in search of Turnus, saw the havoc which was being wrought by the fierce recreant, and hastened to check the slaughter of his friends. Undismayed Mezentius awaited his coming with uplifted spear,

and uttered this proud boast as he measured the distance with his eye: "Now fail me not, good lance, and thou, my right hand, be my god! Lausus shall be the trophy of my victory; I will deck his young limbs with the spoils of the slaughtered pirate." The spear flew hissing through the air, but, glancing from the shield of *Æneas*, it struck *Antores*, a native of *Argos*, who had followed the fortunes of *Evander* to Italy. Down dropped the hapless *Argive*, pierced in the flank, and saw with his dying eyes a vision of his distant home. *Æneas* in his turn cast his spear. Right through the massy shield it clove its way, and wounded *Mezentius* in the groin. Glad was the Trojan Prince when he saw the blood of the Tuscan, and, drawing his sword, he prepared to put an end to that guilty life.

But a nobler victim was destined first to feel that deadly blade. *Lausus*, who was fighting near at hand, saw his father's peril, and, flinging himself in the way, he received the blow on his own shield. His comrades thronged to his support, and opposed a dense barrier of shields between *Æneas* and the wounded King. *Æneas* gathered himself together, and crouched low behind the vast orb of his shield to avoid the tempest of javelins, which rattled like hailstones about him. Foremost among the assailants was *Lausus*, who left the ranks of his comrades, and came to attack *Æneas* hand to hand, for the thread of his life was almost

run out. "Beware, rash youth, beware!" cried Æneas, pitying the gallant boy. "This deed is beyond thy powers." But Lausus despised the warning, and began a furious assault. Then Æneas, driven beyond his patience, struck in return, and the light armour of the stripling yielded like paper to that bright falchion tempered in Vulcan's forge. Rent was the tunic which his own mother's hand had woven with threads of gold, and his breast was filled with blood.

When Æneas saw that young face, now grey and ghastly with the hues of death, he groaned in spirit, and his heart overflowed with tenderness. He took the dying lad by the hand, and said: "Gallant, hapless boy! Image of my own Iulus! What can I do to soothe the passing of thy knightly soul? Thou shalt keep thy arms, in which thou hadst delight, and I will give thee back for burial in the tomb of thy fathers." Then he called two of his comrades, and with their assistance carried the young hero's body from the battlefield, and delivered it up to the enemy.

During all this time Mezentius was sitting, wounded and faint, in a sheltered spot by the river-side. He had taken off the heavier portions of his armour, and leaned his back against a tree; his head drooped wearily, and his great beard flowed over his breast. "Where is Lausus?" he murmured to his comrades, who stood watching him anxiously. "Go quickly, some of you, and send

him hither to me." While they were gone on that errand the bearers approached, carrying the lifeless form of Lausus on a shield. Then the one soft place which was left in that heart of stone was touched ; he lifted himself up, with a great and terrible cry : " O bitter, bitter day ! Lausus, my only son, thou hast given thy life for me—for me, who have stained thy name and robbed thee of a throne by my crimes. My guilty life was forfeit, and thou hast paid the price ; then hide, O hide, this dishonoured head in darkness and the grave."

Groaning, and in pain, he rose heavily to his feet, and called for his horse. The gallant steed, who had borne him through a hundred battles, was led neighing to his master's side, and Mezentius, assisted by his comrades, climbed into the saddle. " Now Rhæbus, my good charger," cried he, "'tis victory or death for us both, for I know that thou wilt never deign to serve another lord." Then setting spurs to his horse he galloped back to the battlefield, shouting as he went : " Come on, Æneas ! Thou hast taken half my life, now take the other half, if thou canst. But take this gift from me first." And he hurled a javelin at Æneas, who stood waiting for him on foot in the centre of the field. Another and yet another he flung, wheeling his horse, and pacing slowly round, until the shield of Æneas was set thick with javelins. Æneas waited until his enemy had spent all his shafts, and then flung his spear, and pierced the



“Then the Blade descended”

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charger of Mezentius in the forehead. The beast reared up in his agony, lashing the air with his fore feet, and then fell backward, with his rider under him. Crushed and helpless he lay, gazing at the stern face of the Trojan, who stood over him with uplifted sword. "Grant me this last request," he faltered: "save my body from outrage, and let me be buried with my son." Then the blade descended, and that black soul, which feared neither man nor god nor fiend, went to its own place.

The War continued—Camilla

I

THE death of Mezentius brought a temporary pause from fighting, and Æneas had leisure for the sad duty of burying his comrades who had fallen in the battle. His first care was to send back the body of Pallas to his father at Pallanteum. Robed in a rich garment of purple and gold, which Dido herself had woven for her lover, that fair young form was laid on a soft bier, shaded by a canopy of green boughs ; there he lay, beautiful even in death, like a bright flower new plucked by a maiden's hand, a sweet violet or hyacinth with pensive head. A thousand warriors were sent with the bier as a guard of honour, and a long train of bearers followed behind, laden with a rich portion of the spoil. Then, with spears reversed, and every circumstance of sorrowful respect, the long procession filed slowly out of the camp.

Already the rumour of the young Prince's death had reached the city of Evander, and when the funeral train came within sight of the walls they found the road lined on either side by torch-

bearers, who joined their ranks as they passed, and marched with them into the city. With heavy step, his white hairs drooping over that fair young head, Evander followed close, speechless with grief. Far other had been the hopes with which he had seen the gallant Prince pass through the gates a few days before, riding proudly at the head of his troop. This, then, was the answer to all his prayers, and his anxious warnings to that fiery spirit not to engage too rashly in the savage game of war ! The green bough had been lopped off in its first bright promise, and he, the withered trunk, was left to slow and sad decay.

“ Think not that I reproach your leader,” said the brave veteran when every rite had been paid and the escort was preparing to return. “ Heaven decreed that the young should be taken and the old remain ; and death with honour can never be untimely. But one thing I ask, due to the honoured dead : few and evil are the days left to me to live, let me but hear that my son’s slayer has fallen and I shall close my eyes in peace.”

II

After despatching the body of Pallas, Æneas received an embassy from Laurentum, sent by Latinus, to ask a truce for the burial of the slain. The envoys were courteously received, and after granting their request Æneas addressed them in

terms of grave and dignified remonstrance. "Why, he asked, "has your King broken faith with me thus, and brought on Trojans and Latins this lamentable war? If Turnus complains that I am robbing him of his promised bride let him make good his right in single combat, and not sacrifice the lives of thousands in a private quarrel. Tell him that I am ready to meet him when and where he will."

Among the envoys there was a certain Drances, a man advanced in years, and the sworn enemy of Turnus; he now took it upon himself to answer, covering his personal rancour with the mask of public zeal. "Great Prince," he began after an obsequious bow, "mighty hero, mirror of justice and valour, we will carry thy gracious message with grateful hearts to our King. Let Turnus look elsewhere for allies; as for us, we are ready with heart and hand to aid thee and thy people in founding the walls of a second Troy."

A truce of twelve days was granted, and during that period both Latins and Trojans were busy with the obsequies of their fallen comrades. All day the woodman's axe was heard ringing in the forest felling timber for the funeral pyres, and all night long the country was lighted up for miles round as the fires leaped upward, devouring the flesh of victims and the young limbs of heroes.

From every house in Laurentum was heard the voice of mourning, mingled with the sharper

accents of anger and reproach. Mothers reft of their first-born, widowed brides, and orphaned children pronounced the name of Turnus with a curse. Drances was at hand to fan the flame of discontent, and on the other side Amata led the party hostile to Æneas and the Trojans. In the midst of the controversy, while passion ran high on both sides, tidings arrived which strengthened the hands of the party opposed to Turnus. When the war first broke out ambassadors had been sent to the city of Arpi, on the Adriatic coast, where Diomede, one of the most famous of the Greeks who fought at Troy, had settled with a colony from his native Ætolia. Just at this moment the envoys returned to Laurentum bringing back the answer of Diomede, whom they had invited to draw his sword against his old enemies the Trojans. Latinus immediately summoned all the nobles and elders of Latium to attend in full council. They mustered in force, and, the envoys being introduced, the King commanded them to make public their message.

Then Venulus, the leader of the embassy, began his report, and deeper and deeper was the gloom depicted on every countenance as he proceeded. "My lords," said Venulus, "we have seen that great chieftain face to face ; we have touched that mighty hand which overthrew the towers of Ilium. When we had displayed our gifts and explained the nature of our mission, he answered

us in these words : ‘ Dwellers in the happy realm of Saturn, what evil chance has led you to break the peace of Italy, and match yourselves with an unknown enemy ? Mark well my words : on all who have borne arms against the sacred Trojan race the curse of Heaven rests. Witness the valiant sons of Greece, over whose bones the waters of Simois roll ; witness all those who perished in the storm on their homeward voyage, shattered on the avenging rocks of Eubœa. Ten years Ulysses wandered in peril and privation, Menelaus pined in exile among the wastes of Africa, Neoptolemus died untimely, and Idomeneus mourned the ruin of his home. Agamemnon himself, the proud conqueror of Asia, sleeps in a dishonoured grave, stricken by a coward’s hand on his own hearth-stone. If ye need further proof, behold me, driven in my declining years to seek a home in a strange land, my wife, my native seat, my comrades, all lost. Do ye look to me for succour against the sons of Troy, the darlings of Venus ? Forbear, and tempt me not to taste once more of that bitter cup. Take back your gifts—carry them as a peace-offering to Æneas. These eyes have seen his prowess on many a hard-fought field ; had there been two such men as he among the Trojans Troy would still be standing and Mycenæ a heap of ashes. Make peace, then, on what terms ye may, and desist from a conflict which can only end in your ruin.’ ”

When Venulus ceased speaking a deep and agitated murmur ran through the assembly, subsiding slowly as Latinus rose from his throne and began to speak in tones of sorrow and reproach. "Ye know," he said, "men of Latium, that this unhappy war was not of my choosing. Let those bear the blame who first gave the offence. But the time is past for debating the expediency of this contest. Ye have tried what your arms can do ; with what success, ye see. It remains now to determine how we may end the struggle with least harm to ourselves. Hear, then, what I propose : let envoys be chosen from the most honourable men in Latium to carry gifts to Æneas, and offer him a portion of land, where he may build his city, and dwell with his Trojans, as partners in our realm. Or if he chooses rather to settle in some more distant seat, then let them offer him timber and workmen, and all things needful for building new ships, that he may depart in peace and trouble us no more."

Latinus had named no one ; but all eyes were fixed on Turnus, who was present at the meeting, and had listened with ill-repressed impatience to the peaceful proposals of Latinus ; and Drances, his old enemy, gave expression to the general sentiment when he stood up in his place and poured out a fierce invective against the author of the war. "It needs no words of mine," said Drances, "to enforce the truth of what thou hast

uttered in thy wisdom, most gracious sovereign. In their hearts all assent, but fear has sealed their lips. There he sits for whose sake all this blood has been shed—yes, frown as thou wilt, and finger the blade which thou hast destined for my heart! Me at least thou shalt not cow into silence—there, I say, he sits whose selfish ambition has quenched the light of Latium and filled our city with mourning—valiant prince! who runs from the battlefield and leaves others to bleed in his quarrel.

“Thou hast spoken, my liege, of gifts to Æneas; permit me to name another gift—thy daughter’s hand, already pledged to him by solemn treaty; this will be the surest bond of peace and good-will between him and thee. And if the name of Turnus still affrights us let us humble ourselves before him, and beseech him to cede his right to the maiden’s hand. I, whom he calls his enemy, will be the first to kneel to him—yes, to thee, Turnus, I kneel, and beg thee to spare thy people; or if thy thought soar so high, and thou art resolved to win a royal bride, then win her with thy own right hand, and suffer not that our meaner blood should be poured out for thee.”

The speech of Drances, with its mixture of mock humility and bitter taunts, was well calculated to provoke the impetuous temper of Turnus. With heaving breast and quivering lip he rose to reply: “Thou art an eloquent speaker, Drances,”

he began, striving at first to assume a tone of cool sarcasm, "ever foremost in debate, a mighty champion with thy tongue—would that thy sword had as keen an edge! It well becomes thee, great warrior as thou art, to taunt me with cowardice. Wilt thou give proof of thy manhood in another field, or hast thou no other weapons but thy windy tongue and thy flying feet? Call'st thou me coward, thou dog? Was it a coward's hand that heaped the Trojan camp with slaughter, struck down the giants Bitias and Pandarus, and vanquished the chivalry of Arcadia? Pratest thou of peace and friendship, thou hypocrite? Go preach thy doctrine to thy Phrygian friends, and pollute not our ears with thy dastardly counsels. Thou hast naught to fear from me, as thou well knowest, for all thy base pretence of terror; I will never stain my hand with thy vile heart's blood.

"Now, father, I turn to thee and thy grave counsels. If, as thou sayest, we are so utterly undone, if we have no hope, no resource remaining, let us throw away the sword, and beg for peace, though, to my mind, death itself is far better than peace with dishonour. Yet why should we despair for one little reverse? Have we not still the flower of Italy on our side? And have not the Trojans already felt the weight of our arm? Why seem our case so hopeless?

"But if it is I, and I only, who am the cause of

this war—if I am the sole obstacle to peace—here I stand, ready to pay the price. I devote my life to the public weal, and will go to meet Æneas, though he be greater than Achilles, and clothed, like him, in immortal armour. Be Heaven my arbiter, and death or victory the prize.”

III

The assembly was still sitting when a messenger arrived in hot haste with the tidings that Æneas had broken up his camp and was marching in full force upon Laurentum. Thereupon Turnus at once assumed the command of affairs, and his impetuous temper bore down the timid counsels of Latinus. Entrenchments were thrown up before the walls, and all the inhabitants, even women and boys, prepared to man the battlements, while Turnus led the whole body of fighting men to meet the enemy. As he was leaving the gates he was met by the virgin warrior Camilla, who gallantly offered to hold the enemy's cavalry in check while Turnus occupied himself with the defence of the town. Turnus declined the offer with warm thanks and praise, and directed her to meet an advance-guard of skirmishers who had been sent forward by Æneas, while the Trojan leader himself approached the city by another route leading through a narrow pass of the mountains. Well acquainted with the country Turnus led a picked

body of men to a flat tableland commanding the pass, and waited there in ambush for the coming of the enemy.

The first brunt of the battle now fell upon Camilla, who was supported by Messapus with a troop of Latin cavalry. The chief interest of the scenes which follow centres in the figure of the maiden warrior ; it will be proper, therefore, in this place to give some account of her previous history. She was the daughter of a Volscian chieftain named Metabus, who was driven by sedition, while she was still an infant, from his native city. Hotly pursued by his enemies, and carrying the little babe in his arms, Metabus sought an asylum in the depths of the forest. But before he had reached a place of safety his path was crossed by a roaring mountain torrent. To cross those boiling waters with that tender burden in his arms was impossible, and in every other direction the woods were swarming with his foes. For a while he stood irresolute, gazing on the yellow, leaping waves, then at last came to a desperate resolve. In his right hand he was carrying a weighty spear ; to this he bound the child, first wrapping her in a thick envelope of bark torn from the neighbouring trees ; then he poised the weapon, with its precious load, in his sinewy hand, and called aloud to Diana : “ Daughter of Latona, guard and preserve my child, and she shall be thine, and serve thee all her days.” His prayer ended he brandished,

he flung the spear ; the torrent roared, like a wild beast cheated of his prey ; and at the same moment a loud shout was heard, and the foremost of the pursuers rushed upon Metabus. In he plunged, and after a tough struggle reached the farther shore, where he found the weapon buried deep in the bank, and his daughter, still wrapped in her strange swaddling clothes, safe and unharmed.

Faithful to his vow he bred Camilla as a servant of the virgin goddess, who loves the hunter's cry, and the wild, free life of the woods and mountains. With his own hand he nursed her on the milk of mares, and as soon as she could walk alone he trained her to use the bow and spear, and instructed her in all the woodman's lore. Clad in a short tunic of tiger-skin she passed her days in the chase by her father's side, and at night she slept under the open sky. So she grew up in matchless beauty and strength, swift of foot and sure of hand, with a soul white and cold as the mountain snow.

Diana marked her now as she moved at the head of her troop to do battle with the Trojans. " Ill-fated maid ! " said the goddess, with a sigh, " I would have taken thee into my own train if fate had not willed it otherwise. Now thou must fall, but thou shalt not die unavenged." Then she called one of her nymphs, named Opis, and said : " Take this arrow, and get thee to the battlefield ;

whoever wounds the sacred person of Camilla let him die the death."

When Opis departed on her errand a fierce encounter had already begun between the advance-guard of the Trojans and the cavalry under Messapus and Camilla. Three times the defenders of Laurentum were rolled back on their walls; three times they rallied, and pursued the Trojans and Etruscans to the verge of the plain. Many a deed of valour was wrought on both sides, but among all that host of seasoned warriors none fought more valiantly than Camilla. Closely attended by a little bodyguard of maidens, trained to arms like herself, she was ever the foremost in pursuit, the last to fly. With spear and battle-axe, with javelin and arrow, she ravaged the ranks of the enemy, panic and slaughter attending her steps. Tuscan and Trojan stood aghast, thinking that Bellona herself had come to succour the arms of Latium. The first to recover from the panic was Tarcho, the Tuscan general, who flung himself in the way of the fugitives, and urged them, with bitter taunts, not to fly from a woman; then, setting the example himself, he set spurs to his horse, and rode at a furious gallop against Venulus, who was fighting in the van of the Latins, tore him from his saddle, and carried him back in triumph before him to the Tuscan ranks.

Animated by this daring feat of their leader the men of Tuscany raised a cheer, and resumed

the attack. Among those who were serving under Tarcho was a certain Aruns, a member of an ancient priestly family, dedicated to the service of Apollo. This man had marked with a jealous eye the victorious career of Camilla, and now began to dog her footsteps, patiently, and with caution, watching for an unguarded moment, when he might take her unawares. Following her thus in his chariot, with one hand managing the reins and his lance held ready in the other, presently he saw his opportunity. Conspicuous among the Trojan followers of Æneas was seen a splendid figure, Chloreus, a priest of Cybele, mounted on a charger which was completely covered with scale armour ; he himself was clothed in purple and fine linen, blazing with gold and jewels, and armed with a gilded bow and quiver. His rich equipments excited the female cupidity of Camilla, and with all a hunter's ardour she singled him out as her special prey, and pursued him, without a thought of the insidious foe who was watching her every movement. Aruns crept stealthily towards her, and with a muttered prayer to Apollo aimed his spear. With breathless anxiety the Volscians saw their leader's peril, but before anyone could warn her or interpose, the weapon flew hissing to its mark, and sank deep into her side. The cowardly Aruns shrank back and hid himself among the press, like a wolf who skulks away to his lair with slinking gait and drooping tail after slaying a shepherd or a stately steer.

The dying Camilla clutched at the spear, and strove in vain to tear it from her side ; then, feeling herself on the point of death, she said to Acca, one of her maiden comrades, in whose arms she lay : “ Acca, my light is quenched ; what I could do I have done. Now haste thee to Turnus, and bid him come with all speed to the relief of Laurentum. Fare thee well.” And with that word she bowed her comely head, the spear dropped from her hand, and the soul of the virgin knight fled mourning to the shades.

But the avenger was at hand. Opis saw her fall, and from the top of a high sepulchral mound where she was standing scanned the battlefield with keen glance in search of the caitiff Aruns. “ Ha ! art thou there ? ” she cried at last, catching sight of him. “ Die, then !—though ’tis shame that Diana’s shaft should be polluted by such blood as thine.” Then she took the fatal shaft which her divine mistress had given her, and, laying it on the bow, drew the string to her ear, and shot. Aruns was boasting loudly of his feat, and hugging himself with guilty joy, when the clang of the bow smote upon his ears. At the same instant he fell, stricken to the heart, and was left by his comrades where he lay, a friendless and dishonoured corpse.

The loss of their leader struck terror into Camilla’s troop, and they fled in headlong rout. Their example was soon followed by the cavalry

of Messapus, and a cry of wild alarm went up from the women who thronged the walls of Laurentum when they saw their defenders driven pell-mell towards the gates. Into the town rushed the foremost of the fugitives, some receiving their death wounds as they passed the portals and expiring on their own hearthstone. The enemy followed in hot pursuit ; and long before all had reached the shelter of the walls the gates were closed, after a bitter struggle, in which many were slain by their own friends. Of those who were thus left outside some plunged into the moat, and perished ; others, unable to check the career of their chariots, dashed like battering-rams against the solid gates.

During all this time Turnus had been lying in ambush above the valley waiting for the coming of Æneas. The arrival of Acca with the tidings of Camilla's death and the defeat of the Latins compelled him to abandon his position and hasten to the relief of Laurentum. Scarcely had he reached the confines of the plain when the van of the Trojan army was seen descending the wooded slope. Turnus drew up his men for battle ; but the rapid approach of night prevented an immediate collision, and the two armies encamped face to face under the walls of the city.

The Death of Turnus

I

WE have seen that Turnus had declared himself ready to decide the struggle in single combat with Æneas. The time had now come for him to redeem his pledge. The Latins were beaten and discouraged, and all eyes were fixed upon him as the author and cause of the war. The fiery spirit of the young Rutulian rose under this trial ; he sought an interview with Latinus, and bade him send a herald to demand a truce and arrange the preliminaries of his duel with Æneas.

Latinus strove in vain to deter him from his purpose ; in vain Amata besought him with tears and prayers not to drive matters to so desperate an issue. Turnus fixed his eyes on the lovely form and blushing features of Lavinia, who was standing a silent witness of the scene, and, carried away by passion, he answered in excited tones : “ Urge me no further, dear lady ! The die is cast ; I have given my word, and cannot draw back now.” Then he called an officer, and sent him with a flag of truce to the Trojan camp, appointing the next

day for the encounter which was to settle his claim to the hand of Lavinia and the sceptre of Latium.

II

The fatal day is come, and with the first gleam of light Turnus leaps from his couch and prepares himself for battle. Every tone and gesture of the turbulent Rutulian betray that wild exaltation of spirits which among superstitious peoples is commonly believed to forebode the approach of violent death. "Come," he cries, seizing a ponderous lance, which quivered like a reed in his powerful grasp, "come, good spear, that hast never failed me yet! To-day thou shalt drink deep of a coward's blood, and the curled darling of Venus shall stain his scented locks in the dust of Latium."

On the other side Æneas armed himself with calm confidence, secure in the sense of his lofty mission. The lists were measured, and altars of turf erected for the customary sacrifice. On either side of the field the Trojans and Latins were drawn up in battle array, and the walls of Laurentum were thronged with women and old men, the passive spectators of the approaching combat.

A loud shout from the ranks of the Latins announces that the King is at hand, and soon Latinus appears in the centre of the arena, seated in a four-horse car, and wearing his royal crown. Turnus follows close behind, sheathed in complete armour,

and drawn by two snow-white steeds. Æneas stands ready to receive them ; the victims are brought, the salted meal is sprinkled, and the sacred forelock cut off from the forehead of the victims. Then Æneas lifts up his hands, and makes a solemn appeal to Jupiter and Juno and Mars, and all the powers of earth and sky and sea : “ Witness, all ye eternal gods, and hear my vow : if Turnus gains the mastery to-day the Trojans shall go back to Evander’s city, and never bear arms against this realm again ; but if, as I hope and believe, Heaven favours my sword, I claim not the sovereignty of Latium, nor seek aught for myself and my people but the right to dwell here in peace as a friend and ally of the old inhabitants.” The oath was solemnly repeated by Latinus and ratified by sacrifice and prayer.

But the combat was not to proceed without interruption. On a lofty hill, known in after days as the Alban Mount, sat Juno, watching the scene with jealous eyes. She observed with pity the pale and downcast face of Turnus, whose courage began to fail him as the fatal moment drew near ; and, resolved to make one more effort on his behalf, she went in search of Juturna, a sister of Turnus, who had been raised to divine honours by the special favour of Jove, and made a presiding deity over the fountains and rivers of Latium. “ Up, Juturna,” said the goddess, when she had found her sitting pensively by a clear fountain-head ;

“go help thy brother in his dire need. I can do no more.”

Starting up at the summons Juturna made haste to obey, and a moment after she was standing invisible among the Rutulians who fought under Turnus. By their looks and words she soon perceived that they were ripe for mischief; and putting on the likeness of Camers, a brave warrior, and friend of Turnus, she gave voice to the general sentiment thus: “Are ye not ashamed, Rutulians, that one man should give his life for you all? Shall we, who outnumber the enemy by two to one, sit idly by and see our leader slain and a chain forged for our own necks?”

The words were caught up, and passed from rank to rank; threatening murmurs arose among the Rutulians, and even the Latins began to regret that they had left their fate to be decided by the sword of Turnus. In the midst of this excitement a flight of wild swans was seen passing overhead, pursued by an eagle, who swooped suddenly on one of the finest of the birds, and began to bear him off in his talons. Hereupon the whole troop rallied to the rescue of their comrade, and so belaboured and buffeted the robber with their powerful wings that he was compelled to drop his prey and seek safety in flight. “Hear me,” cried Tolumnius, a famous augur, “while I read you the omen. The eagle is Æneas, and the swans who beat him off are ourselves, the free sons of Italy, who will

forthwith drive this marauder across the sea again."

Suiting the action to the word he ran forward, and flung his spear. It flew hissing across the open space which separated the two armies, and struck a tall Arcadian, one of nine brothers, in the side. He fell, mortally wounded, and his brethren, with a cry of rage and grief, seized their weapons, and rushed to avenge him. A general advance now began on both sides; thick and fast flew the javelins; and Latinus left the field in haste to escape from that iron shower.

Æneas made desperate efforts to check the furious passions which were raging around him. Bareheaded and unarmed he flung himself into the thick of the combatants, crying: "Are ye mad, good people? Drop your weapons, and leave me to seal the treaty with the blood of Turnus; his life is now forfeited to me." While thus he pleaded and protested there came an arrow, shot by an unknown hand, and struck him in the hip. Grievously hurt Æneas was compelled to seek shelter behind a friendly shield, and retired to the rear, leaving the field open to Turnus.

Great was the joy of the fierce Rutulian when he saw his enemy disabled and the bravest of the Trojan leaders withdrawn from the conflict, in anxious attendance on their injured chief. Mounting his car he lashed his coursers to a gallop, and scoured the plain, ravaging the ranks of the

Trojans and trampling them down by scores. He seemed a very demon of destruction, like the God of War in his direst mood, when he leads the fierce tribes of Thrace to battle, and shapes of terror hover round his car—Panic and Wrath and Flight, the spectral bodyguard of Mars. The hoofs of his horses were red with blood as they foamed and smoked across the plain, and his whirling wheels threw up the sanguine spray.

Meanwhile Æneas had retreated to the camp, and was standing, surrounded by his friends, with the arrow still planted deep in his flesh. The most skilful leech in the Trojan army was a certain Iapis, whom Apollo had loved in his youth, and offered to endow with his own gifts as archer, harper, and seer ; but he, that he might prolong the life of his father, who was sick unto death, chose rather to learn the virtues of healing herbs and all the physician's lore. He now arrived, in answer to a hasty summons, and employed all his skill to draw the barbed arrow from the wound. But all his efforts were in vain ; the arrow clung fast, and refused to stir. Louder and louder grew the roar of battle ; nearer and nearer came the dense columns of the enemy, and their javelins began to fall thick in the very centre of the camp.

Venus saw her son's dire strait, and came to his aid, bearing in her hand a bunch of dittany, a plant of wondrous healing powers, with downy leaves and purple flower, often cropped by the

wild goats when they are wounded by the hunter's shaft. Unseen of any Venus drew near, and dropped the magic herb into the vessel containing the water with which Iapis was bathing the wound. The leech, all unknowing, continued his ministrations ; and instantly, at the first touch of that powerful remedy, all pain departed, the flow of blood was stanchèd, and the arrow dropped harmless to the ground. " This is no work of my skill," said Iapis in a voice full of awe ; " the hand of a god has been here." Completely healed, with all his pristine vigour restored, Æneas resumed his armour, and kissing Iulus, who was standing near, he seized his spear, and charged into the thickest of the fight, followed close by the other Trojan chiefs.

Juturna saw him coming, and, trembling for her brother's life, she approached the car of Turnus, and flinging Metiscus, his charioteer, in the dust, herself put on his likeness, and seized the reins. Driven now by no mortal hand, the car flew hither and thither with miraculous speed, wheeling and darting in giddy circles, like a swallow pursuing her tiny prey. Æneas panted in pursuit, scorning every other foe, with eye and foot and hand all directed against Turnus, and Turnus alone ; now he seemed to be gaining, and pressed forward, calling on his enemy to stand ; and the next moment his prey was snatched from his grasp, like a hare doubling to avoid the fangs of a hound.

Messapus, seeing him absorbed in the chase, and thinking to catch him unawares, flung a javelin, and struck off the plumes from his helmet. Then at last Æneas gave reins to his anger, and, abandoning the pursuit of Turnus, fell upon the foes who were nearest, and strewed the field with indiscriminate carnage.

Thus fate for the moment kept the two rivals apart, and they fought in different parts of the field, like devastating fires which fall upon a forest from opposite quarters, wasting the timber, till with a roar they meet. At length Æneas paused from the work of destruction, and, glancing backward at the city, saw the walls feebly manned and the path to the gates lying open. Such an opportunity was not to be neglected. Hastily summoning those next to himself in command he pointed to the walls, and said : “ There is the point at which we must strike, and that speedily. If the Latins will not confess themselves beaten, this day I will raze their city to the ground. Gather your men, and prepare to carry the place by storm.”

Wild was the dismay among the inhabitants of Laurentum when they saw the Trojans and Tuscans advancing in full force, with scaling ladders, battering-rams, and torches, to the assault. Some rushed to the battlements, determined to resist to the last ; others cried that the gates must be opened to the enemy ; and a third party broke into the palace, and dragged the un-

happy Latinus into the streets, vowing that they would hand him over to the vengeance of Æneas. All was panic, confusion, and uproar, as in a nest of wild bees smoked to death by a shepherd who seeks to rifle their store. In the midst of this disorder an event occurred which gave the last blow to those who still favoured the cause of Turnus. When the Queen saw the approaching attack on the city she at once concluded that Turnus had fallen, and, full of remorse for the part which she had played, she went and hanged herself from a high beam in her chamber.

III

Turnus, whose car was still driven by the disguised Juturna, had been carried in pursuit of some straggling Trojans to the farthest verge of the plain. Suddenly his ears were caught by a wild, tumultuous cry from the distant city, and, laying his hand on the reins, he brought the chariot to a stand. "Why haltest thou?" asked the pretended Metiscus. "Leave thy comrades to defend the walls, and continue the work of slaughter here, where there is none to oppose thee." Turnus answered: "Sister, I knew thee from the first, and recognised thy hand in all the wild havoc of this day. But vain are all thy labours; Heaven is against me, and I must bow to the will of fate. I have seen all the noblest of my comrades slain

before my eyes ; shall I suffer this royal city to be given up to fire and slaughter for my sake ? Shall I play coward, and make my name a byword for Drances and his crew ? No, if Heaven is against me, be ye at least with me, ye noble spirits of the dead ! Prepare to receive me, a stainless soul, worthy to be numbered among the mightiest of my line."

Scarcely had he spoken when a Rutulian horseman, wounded in the face by an arrow, came galloping towards him, shouting : " Turnus, what doest thou here ? Thou art our last hope and refuge ; the city is beset, Amata has died by her own hand ; but few of thy friends remain to keep up a desperate defence. Come quickly, for dire is the need." As if to give point to his words, at this very moment the flames were seen leaping from a huge wooden tower built on a projection of the walls. For a while Turnus stood as if stupefied, overcome by the conflicting passions which surged within him. Then, collecting himself with a strong effort, he said : "'Tis enough ; my fate calls me, and I obey. Let me strike one good blow first, and then let death take his due." Thereupon he sprang from the chariot, and, running at full speed, broke his way through the fighting lines, like a great boulder sapped in its foundations by the winter rains and toppled from a mountain's crest. " Make way," he cried ; " drop your weapons, ye Rutulians and Latins. This is my

quarrel, not yours, and I am come to pay the price."

Both sides fell back, and left an open space for the final encounter between the two great champions. "At last!" murmured Æneas as he came towering on, and took his stand, "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved," face to face with his giant foe. First they flung their spears, and, these not taking effect, they drew their swords, and engaged hand to hand. Loud clashed the steel, and a stream of lightning seemed to play about their heads, so fast and furious were the strokes. Like two bulls fighting for the sovereignty of the herd, while the kine stand lowing near, so strove the Italian and the Trojan for the mastery, foot to foot and shield to shield. At length Turnus lifted high his sword, and, coming down with the whole weight of his body, discharged a tremendous blow at the crest of Æneas. The weapon belonged to Metiscus, his charioteer, and he had snatched it up in mistake for his own good blade, which had been tempered by the hand of Vulcan himself. And now the faithless sword proved its mortal temper, and was shattered to the hilt like glass. With a bitter curse the Rutulian turned his back, and fled, and Æneas followed close, though still somewhat disabled by his recent wound. Hither and thither they sped, pursuer and pursued, as a keen hound chases the flying deer, brought to bay by a high rocky mountain-side; the stag wheels

and doubles, and the hound's jaws close with a snap, as his quarry eludes him again.

Turnus shouted to his comrades, imploring them to bring his sword, but Æneas warned them off with threatening gestures ; and so the race went on, which was run for no common stake, but for the very life blood of Turnus.

When Æneas flung his spear at the beginning of the duel the weapon had sunk deep into the stump of an olive-tree ; the tree itself, which was sacred to Faunus, had been felled by the Trojans, and rolled out of the way, on the morning before the battle. Catching sight of the spear as he ran past in pursuit of Turnus, Æneas paused, and strove to tear it out. In wild terror Turnus watched his efforts, and cried : " Faunus, god of my fathers, hold the weapon fast, and preserve thy worshipper ! " Faunus heard his prayer, and kept the iron point close pinned in the knotted roots of his sacred tree ; and while Æneas was still tugging and straining at the shaft, Juturna, again disguised as Metiscus, ran up to Turnus, and gave him back his sword. Thereupon Venus, angered by the presumption of the nymph, drew near in her turn, wrenched out the lance, and handed it to her son. Their weapons thus restored the champions stood face to face once more, prepared to renew the battle.

But the end was now at hand. Jove sat watching the rival warriors, and weary that the inevitable

issue should be so long delayed he thus addressed his haughty consort : “ Juno, how long must I suffer thee to thwart my high purpose ? Thou knowest that it is in vain. Surely thy hate should now be satisfied, after so many years in which thy malice has ranged unchecked and strewn the path of Æneas with death and disaster. The word must now be spoken : Cease ; I forbid thee to go further.”

Juno answered humbly : “ Be it so ! I also am weary of the fray, and will resist no more. One thing only I ask, which fate forbids thee not to grant : when the two peoples have united into one, let the language and the dress and the customs of Italy survive, and let the whole nation be called the Latins. Troy has perished ; let her name perish also.” Jove smiled indulgently as he replied : “ True daughter of Saturn, still unappeasable in thine ire, it shall be as thou sayest. Latins they shall be called, and they shall be thy people, mighty in word and deed, and laud and honour thy name for ever.”

The old quarrel thus happily concluded Jove prepared to end the conflict between Æneas and Turnus. Close by his throne two hideous warders lie couched day and night, sisters of the Furies, and armed with the same attributes of terror, with serpent tresses, and windy wings. One of these the monarch of heaven sent to warn Juturna that she must leave her brother's side. Like a poisoned arrow shot from a Parthian's bow the

daughter of Night sped down to earth, and as she came in sight of the Trojan and Latin armies, she took the shape of that ill-omened bird who sits among tombs and ruined towers, and sends her moaning cry through the darkness. In such shape the fiend dashed herself against the face of Turnus, and buffeted his shield with her wings.

Turnus was paralysed with horror; his hair bristled, and the passage of his voice was choked. But when Juturna heard the beating of those fatal pinions she tore her hair, and beat her breast, knowing that her brother's hour was come. "Turnus, I can do no more," she cried. "Would that I might die with thee! But, alas! Jove has made me immortal, and doomed me to eternal sorrow." Then, veiling her face in her azure mantle, the nymph left the battlefield, and sat rocking herself in anguish by the riverside.

Æneas came on, brandishing his massy spear, and crying: "Now at last thou art delivered into my hands, unless thou canst fly up to heaven or dig thee a burrow in the earth." "Thy words have no terrors for me," replied Turnus, "but much I fear that Heaven is against me." And without more words he looked round him, and saw a huge ancient stone, set up long ago as a boundary mark. Stooping he caught up the ponderous mass, which scarce twelve men could lift, as men are in our times; with one hand he heaved it above his head, and poised and flung it,



The Death of Turnus

By permission of Mr. Frederick Hollyer

running at full speed. It was his last effort, and he felt as he made it that his powers were failing. The stone fell short, and Turnus stood gazing, struck with a strange impotence, like one in a trance ; the whole scene swam before his eyes, woods, hills, and city walls, and the faces of his friends, like visions in a fevered dream.

While thus he faltered Æneas poised his lance, took steady aid, and flung. Like some vast missile hurled by a siege engine the giant spear rushed to its mark, pierced through the lower edge of the sevenfold shield, and, rending the border of the corselet with a grating sound, transfixed the middle of his thigh. A deep groan went up from the ranks of the Rutulians when they saw their young hero lying, helpless and bleeding, on the sand.

With hands outstretched and eyes imploring mercy Turnus uttered this humble prayer : “ Thou hast conquered ; Lavinia is thine ; now pity my father’s grey hairs, and give him back his son, or if thou must have my life at least restore my body to him for burial.” Æneas paused, lowering his sword and rolling his eyes, in doubt whether to strike or spare ; and pity began to prevail more and more in his heart when his gaze fastened on the fatal belt, which Turnus had won from the youthful Pallas, and was wearing on his shoulder. Then grief and anger blazed up in his soul, and he cried in a terrible voice : “ Wretch, dost thou ask

for mercy with that emblem of sorrow on thy breast? Pallas, Pallas claims thee as his victim, and cries aloud for thy guilty blood."

The avenging steel was lifted, and flashed, and fell; and that mighty frame lay shuddering in death, while his soul, indignant,¹ fled moaning to the shades.

¹ "Mourning her lot, leaving all that manhood and that bloom."

HOMER.

PRONOUNCING LIST OF NAMES

Only those names are given in which the spelling leaves any doubt as to their pronunciation

Achates, akā'tees
 Achilles, akil'lees
 Acestes, asēs'tees
 Acheron, ak'ēron
 Acrocercaunian, acrosērau'nian
 Ægean, eegee'an
 Æneas, eenee'as
 Ænus, ee'nūs
 Æolus, ee'ölūs
 Albunea, albūn'ěä
 Aletes, alee'tees
 Amata, amā'tä
 Amycus, am'ÿ-cūs
 Anchises, ankī'sees
 Androgeos, andrög'ēos
 Andromache, andröm'akee
 Anius, än'ūs
 Antores, antō-rees
 Aphrodite, āphrodī'tee
 Ardea, ar'děä
 Aruns, ā'-rūns
 Atys, āt'ÿs
 Bellona, bellō'nä
 Belus, bee'lūs
 Beroë, bē'ōee
 Bitias, bīt'ias
 Boreas, bōr'ēas

Briareus, bri'aryūs
 Butes, by'ūtees
 Buthrotum, būthrō'tum
 Calchas, cal'cas
 Camers, cām'ers
 Celæno, cēlee'nō
 Cerberus, ser'bērūs
 Chaon, cā'on
 Charon, cār'on
 Chimæra, kī'mee'ra
 Chloreus, clōr'yūs
 Cloanthus, clōan'thūs
 Cocytus, cōkī'tūs
 Corcebus, cōree'būs
 Cretheus, cree'thyūs
 Creüsa, crēoo'sä
 Cybele, sīb'īlee
 Cyclades, sī'clādes
 Cyclopes, sīclō'pes
 Cythera, sīthee'rä
 Dædalus, dee'dälūs
 Dardanus, dar'dänūs
 Dares, dā'rees
 Deiopea, dee'ōpee'ä
 Deiphobus, dee'ph'ōbūs
 Diomede, dī'ōmeed

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Drances, dran'sees
 Drepanum, drĕp'ānum
 Dulichium, dyoolik'ium

Elysian, eelis'ian
 Enceladus, ensĕl'ādūs
 Epirus, eepi'rūs
 Epytides, eepit'idees
 Erebos, ĕr'ĕbōs
 Eriphyle, ĕrifi'lee
 Eryx, ĕr'ix
 Eubœa, yūbee'ā
 Euryalus, yūri'ālūs
 Eurytion, yūrit'ion

Galæsus, gālee'sūs
 Geryon, geer'ion

Hades, hā'dees
 Hecate, hĕc'ātee
 Hecuba, hĕc'ūbā
 Helenus, hĕl'ĕnūs
 Helymus, hĕl'ymūs
 Hermione, hermi'ōnee

Iapis, iā'pis
 Iarbas, iar'bas
 Idomeneus, idōm'ĕnyūs
 Ilia, i'lĭā
 Ilioneus, i'lionyūs
 Iopas, iō'pas
 Ithaca, ith'ācā
 Iulus, iyoo'lūs
 Ixion, ix'ion

Laocoön, lāōc'cō-on
 Laomedon, laōm'ēdon

Larides, lāri'dees
 Latinus, lāti-nūs
 Latona, lātō'nā
 Lethe, lee'thee' (*th* as in *thin*)
 Libya, lib'ā

Menelaus, mĕnĕlā'ūs
 Menœtes, mĕnnee'tees
 Messapus, messā'pūs
 Metabus, mĕt'ābūs
 Metiscus, mĕtis'cūs
 Misenus, mi-see'nūs
 Mnestheus, mnes'thyŭs
 Musæus, myoosee'ūs
 Mycenæ, misĕe'nee

Nautes, nau'tees
 Neoptolemus, neoptōl'ēmūs
 Nereid, ne-re'id

Orestes, ōrĕs'tees
 Orpheus, or'fyūs

Palamedes, pālāmee'dees
 Palinurus, pālīnūr'ūs
 Pallanteum, pallantee'um
 Pandarus, pan'dārūs
 Parthenopæus, parthĕnōpee'ūs
 Pasiphaë, pāsif'æe
 Pergamus, per'gāmūs
 Phalaris, fāl'ārīs
 Phineus, fi'nyūs
 Phlegethon, flĕg'ĕthōn
 Phlegyas, flĕg'īās
 Pirithous, pīrith'ōūs
 Polites, pōli'tees

Polydorus, pōlīdōr'ūs

Polymestor, pōlīmees'tōr

Polyphemus, pōlifēe'mūs

Porsena, por'sēnā

Pygmalion, pigmāl'ion

Remulus, rēm'ūlūs

Rhadamanthys, rādāmān'thīs

Rhesus, ree'sūs

Salmoneus, salmō'nyūs

Scæan, skeep'ān

Sinon, sīn'on

Sisyphus, sīsīfūs

Sychæus, sikee'ūs

Syrtes, sīr'tees

Tarchon, tar'kon

Tartarus, tar'tārūs

Terestes, tērēs'tees

Teucer, tyū'sēr

Theseus, thee'syoos

Tisiphone, tīsīf'ōnee

Tityos, tīt'īōs

Tolumnius, tōlūm'nīūs

Triton, trī'ton

Tydeus, tī'dyūs

Tyrrheus, tīr'yūs

Venulus, vēn'ūlūs

